

## THE ROMAN ACTOR.

Consent that such a monster as thy selfe  
(For in thy wickednesse, *Augusta's* title  
Hath quite forsooke thee) thou that wert the ground  
Of all these mischiefes, shall goe hence vnpunish'd.  
Lay hands on her. And drag her to sentence,  
We will referre the hearing to the Senate  
Who may at their best leisure censure you  
Take vp his body. He in death hath payd  
For all his cruelties. Heere's the difference  
Good Kings are mourn'd for after life, but ill  
And such as gouern'd onely by their will  
And not their reason. Vnlamented fall  
No Goodmans teare shed at their Funerall. *Exeunt omnes.*  
*Floris.*

---

## FINIS.

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---

**FINIS.**

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# CATILINE

HIS

## CONSPIRACY:

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WRITTEN

BY

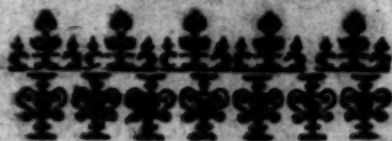
BEN: JONSON.

And now Acted by his MAJESTIES Servants  
with great Applause.

---

*—His non Plebecula gaudet.  
Verum Equitis quoq; jam migravit ab aure voluptas,  
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.*

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LONDON:

Printed by N. Oakes, for I.S.  
1635.

# CATILINE

HIS

## CONSPIRACY:

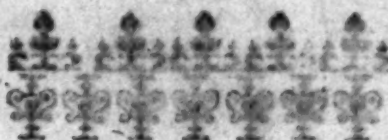
WRITTEN

BY

BEN: JONSON.

And now Acted by his MAJESTIES SEVANTS  
with great Applause.

Omnia, ad inventos oculos, & auditus vana.  
Verum Equis quod jam mirantur ad auris volubiles,  
His non Plebecula gaudet.



Printed by N. Oakes, for A.S.  
LONDON.  
1632.



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This image shows a blank, aged, light gray page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A faint vertical crease is visible near the left edge.

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*[Faint, illegible text from bleed-through]*





Vnlesse she purge her judgement presently.

But, O thou happy man, that must not die  
As these things shall: leaving no more behind

But a thin memory (like a passing Wind)  
That blowes, and is forgotten, ere they are cold.

Thy labours shall out liue thee; and, like gold  
Stamp't for continuance, shall be currant, where

There is a Sunne, a People, or a Yeare.

*John Fletcher.*



*To his worthy beloved Friend Master*

*BEN. IONSON.*

**H**Ad the great thoughts of *Catiline* beene good,  
The memory of his name, streame of his blood,  
His plots past into acts, (which would haue turn'd

His infamy to Fame, though *Rome* had burn'd)  
Had not begot him equall grace with men,

As this, that he is Writ by such a Pen:  
Whose inspirations, if great *Rome* had had,

Her good things had bin better'd, and her bad  
Vndone, the first for joy, the last for feare,

That such a *Muse* should spread them, to our eare,  
But woe to us then: for thy Laureat brow

If *Rome* enjoy'd had, we had wanted now.

But, in this Age, where ligs and Dances moue,

How few there are, that this pure worke approue!

Yet, better then I rayle at, thou canst scorne

Censures, that dye, ere they be thoroughly borne.

Each Subject thou, still thee each Subject raises.

And whosoever thy Booke, himselfe dispraises,

*Nat. Field.*

THE



**The names of the Actors.**

**SYLLA'S Ghost.**

**CATILINE.**

**LENTULVS.**

**CETHEGVS.**

**CURIUS.**

**AUTRONIUS.**

**VARGUNTEIUS.**

**LONGINVS.**

**LECCA.**

**FVLVIVS.**

**BESTIA.**

**GABINIUS.**

**STALILIUS.**

**CEPARIUS.**

**CORNELIUS.**

**VOLTURTIUS.**

**AVRELIA.**

**FVLVIA.**

**SEMPRONIA.**

**GALEA.**

**CICERO.**

**ANTONIUS.**

**CATO.**

**CATVLVS.**

**CRASSVS.**

**CAESAR.**

**QU. CICERO.**

**SYLLANVS.**

**FLACCVS.**

**POMTINIUS.**

**SANGA.**

**SENATORS.**

**ALLOBROGES.**

**PETREIUS.**

**SOLDIERS.**

**PORTER.**

**LICTORS.**

**SERVANTS.**

**PRISONERS.**

**CHORVS.**



TO THE READER IN  
ORDINARY.

**T**He Muses forbid, that I should restraine your medling, whom I see already busie with the Title, and tricking over the leaves: It is your owne. I departed with my right, when I let it first abroad. And now, so secure an Interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise, nor dispraise from you can affect me. Though you commend the two first Actes, with the people, because they are the worst; and dislike the Oration of Cicero, in regard you read some pieces of it, at Schoole, and understand them not yet; I shall finde the way to forgive you. Be any thing you will be, at your owne charge. Would I had deseru'd but halfe so well of it in Translation, as that ought to deserue of you in judgment, if you haue any. I know you will pretend (whosoever you are) to haue that, and more. But all pretences are not iust claimes. The commendation of good things may fall within a many, their approbation but in a few, for the most commend out of affection, selfe-tickling, an easinesse, or imitation: but men judge onely out of Knowledge. That is the trying faculty. And, to those workes that will beare a Iudge, nothing is more dangerous then a foolish praise. You wil say I shal not haue yours, therefore; but rather the contrary, all vexation of Censure. If I were not aboue such molestations now, I had great cause to think unworthily of my studies, or they had so of me. But I leane you to your exercise. Beginne.

To the Reader extraordinary.

**Y**OU I would understand to be the better Man, though Places in Court go otherwise: to you I submit my selfe, and Worke. Farewell.

\*\*\*\*\*

To my friend Mr. Ben. Ionsen, upon  
his *Catiline*.

**I**F thou hadst itch'd after the wild applause  
Of common people, and hadst made thy Lawes  
In writing, such, as catch'd at present voice,  
I should commend the thing, but not thy choise.  
But thou hast squar'd thy rules, by what is good;  
And art three Ages yet, from understood:  
And (I dare say) in it, there lies much Wit  
Lost, till thy *Readers* can grow up to it.  
Which they can nere out-grow, to find it ill,  
But must fall backe againe, or like it still.

*Franc. Beaumont.*

\*\*\*\*\*

To his worthy friend Mr. Ben. Ionsen.

**H**E that dares wrong this Play, it should appeare  
Dares utter more, then other men dare heare,  
That haue their wits about' hem: yet such men,  
Deare friend, must see your Book, and read, & then,  
Out of their learned ignorance, cry ill,  
And lay you by, calling for mad *Pasquill*,  
Or *Greene's* deare *Groat's-worth*, or *Tom Coryate*,  
The new *Lexicon*, with the errant *Pare*:  
And picke away, from all these severall ends,  
And durty ones, to make their as-wise friends  
Beleive they are Translators. Of this, pittie,  
There is a great plague hanging o're the Citty:

Vnlesse





## CATILINE.

ACT. j.

Enter SYLLA's Ghost.

**D**Olt not feele me *Rome*? not yet? is night  
 So heavy on thee, and my weight so light?  
 Can *Sylla's* Ghost arise within thy Walls,  
 Lesse threatning then an earth-quake, the quicke fall  
 Of thee, and thine? shake not the frighted heads  
 Of thy steepe towers? or shrink to their first beds?  
 Or, as their ruine the large *Tyber* fills,  
 Make that swell up, and drown thy seven proud hills?  
 What sleep is this doth seize thee, so like Death,  
 And is not it? Wake, feele her, in my breath!  
 Behold, I come, sent from the *Stygian* sound,  
 As a dire Vapor, that had cleft the ground,  
 T'ingender with the night, and blast the day:  
 Or like a Pestilence, that should display  
 Infection through the world: which, thus, I do.  
*Pluto* be at thy Councells, and into  
 Thy darker bosome enter *Sylla's* spirit:  
 All, that was mine, and bad, thy breast inherit.  
 Alas, how weake is that, for *Catiline*!  
 Did I but say (vaine voice!) all that was mine?  
 All, that the *Gracchi*, *Cinna*, *Marinus* would:  
 What now, had I a body againe, I could,  
 Comming from Hell; what fiends would with should be:  
 And *Hanniball* could not have wish'd to see:  
 Think thou, and practise. Let the long-bid seeds  
 Of treason, in thee, now shoot foorth in deeds,  
 Ranker then horror: and thy former facts  
 Not fall in mention, but to urge new acts:  
 Conscience of them provoke thee on to more.  
 Be still my Incests, Murders, Rapes before

# CATLINE.

Thy lence; thy forcing first a *Vestall* Nunne;  
 Thy parricide, late, on thine owne naturall Son,  
 After his Mother, to make empty way  
 For thy last wicked Naptials; worfe, then they,  
 That fame, that act of thy incestuous life,  
 Which got thee, at once, a *Daughter*, and a *Wife*.  
 I leave the slaughters, that thou didst for me,  
 Of *Senators*; for which, I hid for thee  
 Thy murder of thy Brother, (being so brib'd)  
 And writ him in the list of my proscrib'd  
 After thy fact, to save thy little shame:  
 Thy incest, with thy Sister, I not name.  
 These are too light: *Fate* will have thee pursue  
 Deeds, after which no Mischiefe can be new;  
 The ruine of thy *Country*: Thou wert built  
 For such a worke, and borne for no lesse guilt:  
 What thou defeated once th' hast beene, and knowne  
 Tempt it againe, that is thy act, or none.  
 What all the severall Ills, that visite earth,  
 (Brought forth by night, with a sinister birth)  
 Plagues, Famine, Fire could not reach unto,  
 The Sword, nor Surfets; let thy fury doe:  
 Make all past, present, future ill thine owne;  
 And conquer all example, in thy one.  
 Nor let thy thought finde any vacant time  
 To hate an old, but still a fresher crime  
 Drowne the remembrance: Let not mischief cease,  
 But, while it is in punishing, encrease.  
 Conscience, and care die in thee: And be free  
 Not Heav'n it selfe from thy impiety:  
 Let Night grow blacker with thy plots; and Day,  
 At shewing but thy head forth, start away  
 From this halfe-*Sphere*: and *Romes* blinded walls  
 T'imbrace lusts, hatred, slaughters, funerals,  
 And not recover sight, till their owne flames  
 Doe light them to their ruines. All the names  
 Of thy Confederates, too, be no lesse great  
 In hell, then here: That, when we would repeate  
 Our strengths in Muster, we may name you all,  
 And *Furies*, upon you, for *Furies*, call.



# CATILINE.

Whilst, what you doe, doth stricke them into feares,  
Or make them griene, and wish your mischief theirs.

## CATILINE.

**I**T is decree'd. Nor shall thy Fate, oh *Rome*,  
Resist my vow. Though Hills were set on Hills,  
And Seas met Seas, to guard thee: I would through:  
I, plucke up rocks, steepe as the *Alpes* in dust,  
And lave the *Tyrrhene* waters into clouds:  
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud *Citty*:  
The ills, that I have done, cannot be safe  
But by attempting greater: and I feele  
A spirit within me, chides my sluggish hands,  
And sayes, they have beene innocent too long.  
Was I a Man, bred great, as *Rome* her selfe?  
One, form'd for all her honours, all her glories?  
Equall to her Titles? that could stand  
Close up with *Atlas*, and sustaine her name  
As strong, as he doth Heaven? And, was I,  
Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulse:  
By her no voice, when I stood *Candidate*,  
To be Commander in the *Ponticke* warre?  
I will hereafter call her *Stepdame*, ever.  
If shee can lose her nature, I can loose  
My piety; and in her stony entrailes  
Digge me a seate where I will live againe,  
The labour of her wombe, and be a burden  
Weightier then all the *Prodigies*, and *Monsters*,  
That shee hath deem'd with, since she first knew *Mans*.

## CATILINE, AVRELIA.

**W**Ho's there? *Avr.* Tis I. *Cat.* *Aurelia*?

*Avr.* Yes. *Cat.* Appeare,  
And breake, like day, my beauty, to this circle:  
Upbraid thy *Phabus*, that he is so long  
In mounting to that point, which should give thee  
Thy proper splendour. Wherefore frownes my sweete?  
Have I too long beene absent from these lips,  
This cheek, these eyes? what is my trespasse I speake?  
*Avr.* It seemes you know, that I have accus'd you follow.  
*Cat.* I will redeeme it. *Avr.* Still you say so. When?

# CATILINE.

CAT. When *Orestilla*, by her bearing well  
These many retirements, and stollen times for thought,  
Shall give their effects leave to call her Queene  
Of all the world, in place of humbled *Rome*.

AVR. You court me now. CAT. As I would alwaies, Love  
By this *Ambrosiacke* kisse, and this of *Nectar*,  
Wouldst thou but heare as gladly, as I speake.

Could my *Aurelia* thinke I meant her lesse;  
When, wooing her, I first remou'd a Wife,  
And then a Sonne, to make my bed, and house  
Spacious and fit t' embrace her? These were deeds,  
Not t' have begunne with, but to end with more,  
And greater: "He that building staies at one  
"Floore, or the second, hath erected none.

"Twas how to raise thee, I was meditating.  
To make some act of mine answer thy love:

That love, that, when my state was now quite sunke,  
Came with thy wealth, and weigh'd it up againe,  
And made my emergent Fortune once more looke  
Above the waine, which, now shall hit the starres,  
And sticke my *Orestilla*, there amongst them,  
If any tempest can but make the billow,  
And any billow can but lift her greatness.

But I must pray my love, shee will put on  
Like habites with my selfe. I have to doe  
With many men, and many natures. Some

That must be blowne, and smoothed, as *Lentulus*,  
Whom I have heav'd, with magnifying his blood  
And a vaine dreame, out of the *Syll's* bookes,

That a third man of that great familie  
Whereof he is descended, the *Cornely*,

Should be a King in *Rome*: which I have hir'd  
The flattering *Augures* to interpret him,

*Cinna* and *Syll* dead. Then bold *Corbegan*,  
Whose valour I have turn'd to his poyson,

And prais'd so into daring, as he would  
Goe on upon the Gods, kisse lightning, wrest

The engine from the *Cyclops*, and give fire  
At face of full close, and stand his fire,

When, would he him move. Others there are  
Whom



# CATILINE.

Whom envie to the state drawes, and puts one,  
 For contumelies receiv'd, (and such are sure ones)  
 As *Curius*, and the forenam'd *Lentulus*,  
 Both which have beene degraded, in the *Senate*,  
 And must have their disgraces, still, new rubb,  
 To make 'hem smart, and labour of reuenge.  
 Others whom meere ambition fires, and dole  
 Of *Provinces* abroad, which they have faine  
 To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd  
 These, *Lecca*, *Vargunteius*, *Bestia*, *Anthronius*,  
 Some whom their wants oppresse, as th' idle Captaines  
 Of *Sylla's* troops, and diuers *Roman* Knights  
 (The profuse wasters of their patrimonies)  
 So threatned with their debes, as they will, now,  
 Runne any desperate fortune for a change,  
 These, for a time, we must releve, *Aurelius*,  
 And make our house the safe-guard. Like, for those,  
 That feare the Law, or stand within her gripe,  
 For any act past, or to come. Such will  
 From their owne crimes, be factious as from ours.  
 Some more there be slight Ayresings; will be won,  
 With dogs, and horses, or perhaps, a whore;  
 Which must be had: And, if they venter lives,  
 For us, *Aurelia*, we must hazard honors  
 A little. Get thee store, and change of women,  
 As I have boies; and give 'hem time and place,  
 And all conuience: Be thy selfe, too, courtly,  
 And entertaine, and feast, sit up, and reuell;  
 Call all the great, the faire, and spirited *Dames*  
 Of *Rome* about thee, and beginne a fashion  
 Of freedome, and community. Some will thanke thee,  
 Though the sower *Senate* frowne, whose heads must ake  
 In feare and feeling too. We must not spare  
 Or cost, or modesty. It can but shew  
 Like one of *Iuno's*, or of *Iove's* disguises  
 In eyther thee, or me; and will as soone,  
 When things succeed, be throwne by, or let fall;  
 As in a vaile put off, a visor chang'd,  
 Or the *Scene* shifted in our *Theaters*.  
 Who's that? it is the voice of *Lentulus*.

# CATILINE.

AVR. Or of *Cethegus*. CAT. In, my faire *Aurelia*,  
And thinke upon these arts: they must not see,  
How farre you are trusted with these prauices;  
Though by their shoulders, necks, and heads, you rise.

## LENTULVS. CETHEGVS. CATILINE.

IT is me thinks, a Morning full of Fate.  
It riseth slowly, as her sullen care  
Had all the weightes of sleepe, and death hung at it.  
She is not rosy-fingered, but swolne blacke.  
Her face is like a water, turnd to blood,  
And her sicke head is bound about with clouds,  
As if she threatned night, ere noone of day.

It does not looke, as it would have a *Hayle*  
Or *Health*, wish'd in it, as on other Mornes.

CET. Why all the fitter *Lentulus*: Our comming  
Is not for saluation, we have businesse.

CAT. Said noble, brave *Cethegus*, Wher's *Autronius*?

CET. Is he not come? CAT. No here. CET. Nor *Kargunteius*?

CAT. Neither. CET. A fire in their beds, and bosomes,

That so will serue this sloath, rather then vertue.

They are no *Romans*, and at such high need

As now. LEN. Both they, *Longinus*, *Lectus*, *Caninius*,  
*Fulvius*, *Gabinus*, gave me word last night

By *Lucius*, *Bestia*, they would all be here,

And earely. CET. Yes. As you had I not cald you.

Come, we all sleepe, and are mere *Dormice*, *Flies*,  
A little lesse then dead; More dulnesse hangs

On us, then on the Morne. We are spirit-bound.

In ribs of ice; our whole bloods are one stone;

And Honour cannot thaw us; nor our wants,

Though they burne hot as fevers, to our states.

CAT. I muse they would be tardy, at an houre

Of so great purpose. CET. If the Gods had cal'd

Them, to a purpose, they would iust have come

With the same Tortoyse speed, that are thus slow

To such an action, which the Gods will envy.

As asking no lesse meanes, then all their powers

Conjoyn'd, & effect. I would have seene *Rome* burnt

By this time: and her Ashes in an Vrne:



# CATILINE.

The *Kingdome* of the *Senate*, rent asunder;  
 And the degenerate, talking Gowne, run frighted,  
 Out of the ayre of *Italy*. CAT. Spirit of men!  
 Thou, heart of our great enterprize! how much  
 I love those voyces in thee! CET. O the dayes  
 Of *Sylla's* sway, when the free sword tooke leave  
 To act all that it would! CAT. And was familiar  
 With entrailles, as our *Augures*! CET. Sonnes kild Fathers,  
 Brothers their Brothers. CAT. And had price and praise.  
 All hate had licence given it; all rage raynies.  
 CET. Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd him selfe  
 To seeme more huge; whilst to his stayned thighs  
 The gore he drew flow'd up: and carried downe  
 Whole heapes of limbes, and bodies, through his arch:  
 No age was spar'd, no Sexe. CAT. Nay, no degree.  
 CET. Not Infants, in the porch of life were free.  
 The Sicke, the Old, that could but hope a day  
 Longer, by natures bounty, not let flye.  
 Virgins, and Widdowes, Matrons, pregnant Wives,  
 All dyed. CAT. 'Twas crime enough, that they had lives.  
 To stricke but onely those, that could doe hurt,  
 Was dull, and poore. Some fell to make the number  
 As some the prey. CET. The rugged *Charon* fainted,  
 And ask'd a navie rather then a boat,  
 To ferry over the sad World that came:  
 The mawes, and dennes of beasts could not receive  
 The bodies, that those soules were frighted from;  
 And e'en the graves were filld with men yet living,  
 Whose flight, and feare had mix'd them, with the dead.  
 CAT. And this shall be againe, and more, and more,  
 Now *Lentulus*, the third *Cornelius*,  
 Is to stand up in *Rome*. LEN. Nay, urge not that  
 Is so uncertaine. CAT. How! LEN. I meane, nor clear'd.  
 And therefore not to be reflected on.  
 CAT. The *Sybill's* leaves uncertaine? or the Comments  
 Of our grave, deepe, divining men not cleare?  
 LEN. All Prophecies, you know, suffer the torture.  
 CAT. But this, already, hath confess'd without.  
 And so beene weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,  
 As 'twere malicious ignorance in him,

Would

# CATILINE.

Would faint in the beleefe. LEN. Doe you beleefe it?

CAT. Doe I love *Lentulus*? or pray to see it?

LEN. The *Augures* all are constant, I am meant. (Cinna.

CAT. They had lost their science else. LEN. They count from

CAT. And *Sylla* next, and so make you the third;

All that can say the Sunne is ris'n, must thinke it.

LEN. Marke me more of late, as I come forth.

CAT. Why what can they doe lesse? *Cinna* and *Sylla*

Are set, and gone: And we must turne our eyes

On him that is, and shines. Noble *Cethegus*,

But view him with me, here: He lookes, already,

As if he shooke a Scepter, o're the *Senate*,

And the aw'd purple dropt their rods, and axes.

The Statues melt againe; and household Gods

In grones confesse the travaile of the Citty:

The very walles sweat blood before the change,

And stones start out to run, ere it comes.

CET. But he, and we, and all are idle still.

LEN. I am your creature, *Sergius*: and what ere

The great *Cornelian* Name shall winne to be,

It is not Augury, nor the *Sybil's* Bookes,

But *Catiline* that makes it. CAT. I am shadow

To honor'd *Lentulus*, and *Cethegus* here,

Who are the heires of *Mars*. CET. By *Mars* himselfe.

*Catiline* is more my parent: for whose vertue

Earth cannot make a shadow great enough,

Though *Envie* should come too. O, there they are.

Now we shall talke more, though we yet doe nothing.

AVTHRONIVS, VARGYNTEIVS, LONGINVS,

CVRIVS, LECCA, BESTIA, FVLVIVS,

GABINIVS, &c.

HAile *Lucius Catiline*. VAR. Haile noble *Sergius*.

LEN. Haile *Publius Lentulus*. CVR. Haile the third *Cor-*

LEC. *Caius Cethegus* haile. CET. Haile sloth, & words, (netius.

Instead of Men and Spirits. CAT. Nay, deare *Caius*,

CET. Are your eyes yet unfeel'd? Dare they looke day

In the dull face? CAT. Hee's zealous, for the affaire,

And blames your tardy coming, Gentlemen.

CET. Unlessse we had sold our selves to sleepe, and ease,

And



# CATILINAE

And would be our slaves slaves. CAT. Pray you forbear.  
 CET. The North is not so sharke, and cold. CAT. *Cerberus.*  
 BES. Shall we redeeme all, if your fire will let us.  
 CAT. You are too full of lightning, noble *Cams.*  
 Boy, see all doores be shut, that none approach us,  
 On this part of the house. Go you and bid  
 The Priest, he kill the slave I mark'd last night;  
 And bring me of his blood, when I shall call him:  
 Til then, waite al without. VAR. How is *Antonius*? (thing?)  
 AVT. *Longinus*? LON. *Carus*? CVR. *Lectus*? VAR. Feele you no-  
 LON. A strange, unwonted horror doth invade me,  
 I know not what it is? LEC. The day goes backe,  
 Or else my senses? CVR. As at *Atrius* feast?  
 FVL. Darknes growes more & more? LEN. The *Vestal* flame  
 I thinke be out. GAB. What gone was that? CRT. Our fancies,  
 Strike fire, out of our selves, and force a day.  
 AVT. Againe it sounds? BES. As all the City gave it?  
 CET. We feare what our selves faine. VAR. What light is this?  
 CVR. Look forth. LEN. It still growes greater. LEC. Bro whence  
 LON. A bloody arme it is that holds a pine (comes it?)  
 Lighted, above the *Capitall*: And now;  
 It waves unto us. CAT. Brave and omenous!  
 Our enterprise is seal'd. CRT. In sight of darknesse,  
 That would discountenance it. Look no more;  
 We loose time, and our selves: To what we came for,  
 Speake *Lucius*, we attend you. CRT. Noblest *Romans*,  
 If you were lesse, or that your faith, and vertue  
 Did not hold good that title, with your blood,  
 I should not, now, unprofitably spend  
 My selfe in words, or catch at empty hopes;  
 By ayrie waies, for solide certainties.  
 But since in many, and the greatest dangers,  
 I still have knowne you no lesse true, then valiant,  
 And that I tast in you, the same affections,  
 To will, or nill, to thinke things good, or bad,  
 Alike with me: (which argues your firme friendship)  
 I dare the boldier, with you, set on foote,  
 Or leade unto this great, and goodliest action.  
 What I have thought of it afore, you all  
 Have heard apart; I then expreis'd my zeale

# CATHERINE

Unto the glory ; Now, the neede enflames me :  
 When I fore-thinke the hard conditions,  
 Our states must undergoe, except in time,  
 We doe redeeme our selves to liberty,  
 And breake the yron yoke, forg'd for our necks,  
 For, what lesse can we call it ? when we see  
 The Common-wealth engross'd so by a few,  
 The Giants of the state, that doe, by turnes,  
 Enjoy her, and defile her. All the earth,  
 Her Kings, and *Tyrarchs*, are their tributaries,  
 People, and Nations pay them houely stipends :  
 The riches of the world flowes to their coffers,  
 And not to *Romes*. While (but those few) the rest,  
 How ever great we are, honest, and valiant,  
 Are hearded with the vulgar : and so kept,  
 As we were onely bred, to consume corne,  
 Or weare out wooll, to drinke the Cities water :  
 Ungrac'd, without authority, or marke,  
 Trembling beneath their rods, to whom, (if all  
 Were well in *Rome*) we should come forth bright axes,  
 All Places, Honors, Offices are theirs ;  
 Or where they will confer hem : they leave us  
 The dangers, the repulses, judgements, wants ;  
 Which how long wil you beare most valiant spirits ?  
 Were we not better to fall, once, with vertue,  
 Then draw a wretched, and dishonor'd breath,  
 To loose with shame, when these mens pride will laugh ?  
 I call the faith of Gods and men to question ;  
 The power is in our hands ; our bodies able ;  
 Our minds as strong ; O'th' contrary, in them,  
 All things growne aged, with their wealth, and yeares.  
 There wants, but onely to beginne the businesse,  
 The issue is certaine. *CAT. Lon. On, Let us goe on. (Soule,*  
*CVR. Bes. Go on, brave Sergius. CAT. It doth strike my*  
*(And, who can scape the stroke, that hath a soule,*  
*Or, but the smallest ayre of Man within him ?)*  
 To see them swell with treasure, which they poure  
 Out i' their riots, eating, drinking, building,  
 I, i' the : planting of Hills with Valleys :  
 And rayfing Vallies above Hills, whilst we

Have



# CATILINE.

Have not to give our bodies Necessaries. They ha' their change of Houses, Madons, Lordships, W.  
 We scarce a fire, or poore household Jewels.  
 They buy rare *Attick* statues, *Tyrian* hangings,  
*Ephesian* pictures, and *Corinthian* plate,  
*Attalicke* garments, and, now new-found Gemmes.  
 Since *Pompey* went for *Asia*: which they purchase  
 At price of Provinces. The River *Phasis*  
 Cannot afford 'hem Fowle, nor *Lucrine* Lake  
 Oysters enow: *Cersei*, too, is search'd  
 To please the witty Gluttony of a meale.  
 Their ancient Habitations they neglect,  
 And set up new: Then, if the Echo like not  
 In such a roome, they pluck downe those, build newer,  
 Alter them too: and by all franticke waies,  
 Vexe their wilde wealth, as they molest the people,  
 From whom they force it: Yet they cannot tame,  
 Or overcome their riches: Not by making  
 Bathes, Orchards, Fish-pools, resting in of felds,  
 Here; and, then there, forcing 'hem out againe  
 With mountaynous heaps: For which the earth hath  
 Most of her ribbes, as entrayles, being now  
 Wounded no lesse for Marble, then for Gold:  
 We, all this while, like calmes, be sit  
 Sit, till our seats doe cracke, and doe not heare  
 The thundring ruines, whilst, at home, our wants,  
 Abroad, our debts doe urge us, our states daily  
 Bending to bad, our hopes toward worse  
 Is left, but to be crush'd. Wake, wake brave Friends,  
 And meeke the liberty you oft have wish'd for.  
 Behold, renowne, riches, and glory court you.  
 Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards.  
 Me thinks (though I were dumbe) th' affaire is selfe  
 The opportunity, your needs, and dangers,  
 With the brave spoile the warre brings, should invite you.  
 Use me your Generall, or Souldier: Neither,  
 My Minde, nor body shall be wanting to you.  
 And being *Consul*, I not doubt effect,  
 All that you wish: If I trust not flatter me,  
 And you had, rather, still be slaves, then free.

# CATILINE.

**CET.** Free, free. **LO.** Tis freedom. **GRE.** Freedom we all stand  
**CAT.** Why, these are noble voices. Nothing wants then, (for)  
 But that wee take a solemn *Sanctum*,  
 To strengthen our designe. **CET.** And so to adde  
 Differing hurts, where powers are most prepar'd.  
**AVT.** Yet, ere wee enter into open act,  
 (With favour) I were no losse, if it might be requir'd  
 What the condition of these armes might be. **GRE.** Friends!  
**VAR.** I, and the meanes to carry on through. **CAT.** How,  
 Thinke you, that I would bid you grasp the wind?  
 Or call you to th' embracing of a cloud?  
 Put your knowne valours on for detractions sake,  
 And have no other *formidation* than the danger?  
 Nor other *circumstance* than the losse? Become  
 Your owne assurances. And for the meanes,  
 Consider, first, the state of security  
 The commonwealth is in now: the whole *Republick*  
 Sleepy, and dreaming no fault, no danger.  
 Their forces all abroad, of which the greatest,  
 That might annoy us most, is farthest off,  
 In *Asia*, under *Pompey*: those neerer hand,  
 Commanded by our friends; one army in *Spain*,  
 By *Cneus Piso*: th' other in *Adria*,  
 By *Nucerinus*: both which I have firme  
 And fast unto our Plot. My selfe, then, standing  
 Now to be *Consul*: with my hop'd Colleague  
*Caius Antonius*, one no lesse engag'd  
 By his wants then wee: and whom I have power to move,  
 And cast in any mould. Beside, some others  
 That will not yet be nam'd, (both sure and great ones)  
 Who, when the time comes, shall declare themselves,  
 Strong, for our party, so that no resistance  
 In nature can be thought. For our reward, then:  
 First, all our Debts are paid. Danger of Law,  
 Actions, Decrees, Judgements against us quitted.  
 The rich Men, as in *Sylla's* times prescribed,  
 And Publication made of all their goods:  
 That house is yours: That Land is his: Those Waters,  
 Orchards, and walks a thins: He has that Honor,  
 And he that Office. Such a *Province* falls



# CATILINE

To *Vargunteius* : This to *Antonius* : That  
 To bold *Cethegus* : *Rometo Lentulus* :  
 You share the World, her *Magistracies*, *Priest-hoods*,  
 Wealth, and Felicity amongst you, friends;  
 And *Catiline* your servant. Would you, *Curius*,  
 Revenge the Consumelie stroke upon you,  
 In being removd from the *Senate*? Now,  
 Now is your time. Would *Rullius Lentulus*  
 Strike, for the like diseases? Now, is his time  
 Wouldst thou *Longinus* walke the streets of *Rome*,  
 Facing the *Prator*? Now, has hea time  
 To spurne, and tread the *Esse* into dirt,  
 Made of the *Vsurers*, and *usurers*.  
 Is there a Beauty, here in *Rome*, you love  
 And Enemy you would kill? What? He that is not yours?  
 Whose Wife, which Boy, whose Daughter, of what race,  
 That th' Husband, or glad Parents shall not bring to you,  
 And boasting of the office? Only, spare  
 Your selves, and you have all the earth beside,  
 A field to exercise your longings in.  
 I see you rais'd, and reade your forward minds  
 High, i' your faces. Bring the wine, and blood  
 You have prepar'd there. *LON.* How! *CAT.* I have kild a slave,  
 And of his blood caus'd to be mixt with wine.  
 Fill every man his bowle. There cannot bee  
 A fitter drinke to make this *Sanction* in.  
 Here, I beginne the Sacrament to all.  
 O, for a clap of thunder now, as loud,  
 As to be heard through-out the Universe,  
 To tell the world the fact, and to applaude it.  
 Be firme, my hand; not shed a drop: but poure  
 Firce nesse into me, with it; and feele thirst  
 Of more, and more: Till *Rome* be left as blood-lesse,  
 As ever hee feared made her, or the sword.  
 And, when I leave to with this to thee, *Stepdame*,  
 Or stop, to effect it, with my powers fainting;  
 So may my blood be drawne, and so drunke up  
 As is this slaves. *LON.* And so be mine. *LEN.* And mine.  
*AVT.* And mine. *VAR.* And mine. *CET.* Crowne me my bowle.  
 Here, I doe drinke this, as I would doe *Cato's*, (yet fuller.

# CATILINE.

Or the new fellow *Cicero's*: with that vow  
Which *Catiline* hath given. *CUR.* So doe I.  
*LEC.* And *L.* *BES.* And *J.* *FYL.* And *L.* *GAB.* And all of us?  
*CAT.* Why, now's the busines safe, and each man strengthened/  
Sirah, what aile you? *PAG.* Nothing. *BES.* Somewhat modest?  
*CAT.* Slave, I will strike your soule out with my foote,  
Let me but finde you againe with such a face:  
You Whelpe. *BES.* Nay *Lucius.* *CAT.* Are you coying it,  
When I command you to be free, and generall  
To all? *BES.* You'le be observ'd. *CAT.* Arise, and shew  
But any least aversion i' your looke  
To him that bourds you next, and your throat opens.  
Noble Confederates, thus fare is perfect.  
Onely your suffrages I will expect,  
At the assembly for the choosing *Consuls*,  
And all the voices you can make by friends  
To my election. Then let me worke out  
Your fortunes, and mine owne. Meane while, all rest  
Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid frosts  
Have bound up Brookes, and Rivers, forc'd wild beasts  
Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,  
Clownes to their houses, and the countrey sleeps;  
That when the sudaine thaw comes, we may breake  
Upon 'hem like a deluge, bearing downe  
Halfe *Rome* before us, and invade the rest  
With cries, and noise able to make the *Urnes*  
Of those art dead, and make their ashes feare.  
"The horrors that doe strike the world, should come  
"Loud, and unlook'd for: Till they strike, be dumbe.  
*CET.* Oraculous *Sergius.* *LEN.* God-like *Catiline.*

## CHORVS.

Can nothing great, and at the height  
Remaine so long? but its owne weight  
Will ruine it? Or is't blind Chances  
That still desires new States t'advance,  
And quit the old? Else why must *Rome*  
Be by it selfe, now overcome?  
Hath she not foes inow of those,  
Whom she hath made such, and enclose

Her



# CATILINE.

Her round about? Or, are they none,  
Except she first become her owne?  
O wretchednesse of greatest States,  
To be obnoxious to these Fates:  
That cannot keepe, what they doe gaine;  
And what they raise so ill sustaine.  
Rome, now is Mistresse of the whole  
World, Sea, and Land, to either Pole:  
And even that Fortune will destroy  
The power that made it. Shee doth joy  
So much in plenty, wealth, and ease,  
As now, th' excessive is her disease.  
Shee builds in gold: And to the Starres:

As if she threatned Heav'n with warres,  
And seekes for Hell, in quarries deepe,  
Giving the fiends, that there doe keepe,  
A hope of day. Her Women weare  
The spoyles of Nations, in an care,  
Chang'd for the treasure of a shell;  
And in their loose attires, doe swell  
More light then failes, when all windes play:  
Yet, are the men more loose then they,  
More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rub'd, and trim'd,  
More sleek'd, more soft, and flacker limb'd,  
As prostitute: so much, that kinde  
May seeke it selfe there, and not finde.  
They eate on beds of silke, and gold,  
At yvorie tables, or, wood sold  
Dearer then it: and leaving plate,  
Doe drinke in stone of higher rate.  
They hunt all grounds, and draw all seas:  
Foule every brooke, and bush, to please  
Their wanton tastes: and in request  
Have new, and rare things: not the best.

Hence comes that wilde, and vast expence,  
That hath enforc'd Romes vertue thence,  
Which simple poverty first made,  
And now ambition doth invade  
Her state, with eating avarice,  
Riot, and every other vice.

# CATILINE.

Decrees are bought, and Lawes are sold,  
Honours, and Offices for gold,  
The peoples voices: And the free  
Tongues, in the Senate, bribed be.  
Such ruine of her manners Rome  
Doth suffer now, as shee's become  
(Without the Gods it soone gaine-say)  
Both her owne spoyler, and owne prey.  
So *Asia*, art thou cru'ly even  
With us, for all the blowes thee given:  
When we, whose vertue conquer'd thee,  
Thus by thy vices ruin'd be.

## Act. ij.

*FVLIA, GALLA.*

*SERVANT.*

**T**Hose Roomes doe smell extremely: Bring my glasse,  
And table hither, *Galla*. *GAL.* Madame. *FVL.* Look  
Within, i' my blew Cabinet, for the pearle  
I had sent me last, and bring it. *GAL.* That from *Clodius*?  
*FVL.* From *Cainus Caesar*. You are for *Clodius* still!  
Or *Curius*. Sirrah, if *Quintus Curius* come,  
I am not in fit methode, I keepe my Chamber:  
Give warning so, without. *GAL.* Is this it? Madame.  
*FVL.* Yes, helpe to hang it in mine eare. *GAL.* Beleeve me,  
It is a rich one, Madame. *FVL.* I hope so.  
It should not be worn there else. Make an end,  
And bind my haire up. *GAL.* As 'twas yesterday?  
*FVL.* No, nor t'other day. When knew you me  
Apppeare two dayes together, in one dressing?  
*GAL.* Will you ha'te the globe, or spire? *FVL.* How thou wilt  
Any way, so thou wilt doe it, good Impertinence.  
Thy company, if I slept not very well  
Anights, would make me an errant foole, with questions.  
*GAL.* Alas Madam. *FVL.* Nay gentle halfe o' the Dialogue, cease.  
*GAL.* I doe it, indeede, but for your exercise,  
As your Phisitian bids me. *FVL.* How! Does he bid you

To



# CATILINE.

To anger me for exercise? GAL. Not to anger you,  
But stirre your blood a little: There's difference  
Betweene luke warme, and boyling, Madam. FVL. *Love!*  
Shee meanes to cooke me, I thinke? Pray you, ha done.  
GAL. I meane to dresse you Madam. FVL. O my *Galla*,  
Be friend to me! Offring at wit too? Why, *Galla*? (done  
Where hast thou bin? GAL. Why, Madam? FVL. What hast thou  
With thy poore innocent selfe? GAL. Wherefore sweet Madam?  
Fv. Thus to come forth, so suddainly, a wit-worme?  
GA. It pleases you to flout one. I did dreame  
Of Ladie *Sempronia*. Fv. O, the wonder is out.  
That did infect thee? Well, and how? GA. Me thought,  
Shee did discourse the best. Fv. That ever thou heardst?  
GA. Yes. Fv. Pthy sleepe? Of what was her discourse?  
GA. O the *Republicke*, Madam, and the State,  
And how she was in debt, and where she meant  
To raise fresh summes; Shee's a great States-woman. (dame,  
Fv. Thou dreamt'st all this? GA. No, but you know she is Ma-  
And both a Mistresse of the *Latine* tongue,  
And of the *Greeke*. Fv. I, but I never dreamt it *Galla*,  
As thou hast done, and therefore you must pardon me.  
GA. Indeede you mocke me Madam. Fv. Indeede, no.  
Forth with your learned Ladie; Shee has a wit, too?  
GA. A very masculine one. Fv. A *Seco-Cristicke*, *Galla*?  
And can compose, in verse, and make quicke jests,  
Modest, or otherwise? GA. Yes Madam. Fv. Shee can sing too.  
And play on Instruments? GA. Of all kinds they say.  
Fv. And doth dance rarely? GA. Excellent. So well,  
As a bald *Senator* made a jest and said  
Twas better, then an honest woman neede.  
Fv. Tut, she may beare that. Few wise womens honesties  
Will doe their courteship hurt. GA. Shee's liberall too, Madam.  
Fv. What of her money, or her honour, pray thee?  
GA. Of both, you know not which she doth spare least.  
Fv. A comely commendation. GA. Troth, tis pittie  
Shee is in yeares. Fv. Why *Galla*? GA. For it is.  
Fv. Is that all? I thought thou hadst had a reason.  
GA. Why so I have. Shee has beene a fine Ladie,  
And, yet, shee dresses herselfe, (except you Madame)  
One o' the best in *Rome*: and paints and hides

# CATILINE.

Her decays very well. FVL. They say, it is  
Rather a visor, then a face she weares.

GAL. They wrong her verily Madam, shee do's sleeke  
With crums of bread, and milke, and lies a night  
In as neate gloves. But she is faine of late  
To seeke, more then shee's sought to (the same is)  
And so spends that way. FVL. Thou knowst all. But Galla,

What say you to *Carilinet* Lady, *Orestilla*?  
There is the Gallant. GAL. Shee does well. Shee has

Very good futes, and very rich. But then,  
Shee cannot put 'hem on. Shee knowes not how

To weare a garment. You shall have her all  
Jewels, and gold sometimes, so that her selfe

Appeares the least part of her selfe. No in troth,  
As I live, Madam, you put 'hem all downe

With your meere strength of judgement; and doe draw, too,  
The world of *Rome* to follow you: you attire

Your selfe so diversly, and with that spirit,  
Still to the noblest humors. They could make

Love to your dresse, although your face were away, they say.  
FVL. And body too, and ha' the better match on't?

Say they not so too, *Galla*? Now / what newes  
Travailes your count'nance with? SER. If t please you, Madam

The Ladie *Sempronia* is lighted at the gate.  
GAL. *Castor*, my dreame, my dreame. SER. And comes to see

GAL. For *Venus* sake, good Madam see her. FVL. Peace,  
The foole is wild, I thinke. GAL. And beare her talke,

Sweet Madam, of State-matters, and the *Senate*.

SEMPRONIA, FVLVIA, GALLA.

FVLvia, good wench, how dost thou? FVL. Wel, *Sempronia*  
Whither are you thus early adrest? SEM. To see

*Aurelia Orestilla*. Shee sent for me.  
I came to call thee, with me; wilt thou goe?

FVL. I cannot now, in troth, I have some letters  
To write, and send away. SEM. Alas I pittie thee.

I ha' beene writing all this night, (and am  
So very wearie) unto all the Tribes,

And Centuries, for their voices, to helpe *Catiline*,  
In his election. We shall make him Consul



# CATILINE

I hope, amongst us. *Crassus*, and *Cesar*.  
 Will carry it for him. *FVL*. Does he stand for't?  
*SEM*. He is the chiefe *Candidate*. *FVL*. Who stands beside?  
 Give me some wine, and poulder for my teeth.  
*SEM*. Here's a good pearle in troth. *FVL*. A prettie one.  
*SEM*. A very orient one. There are Competitors,  
*Caius Antonius*, *Publius Galba*, *Lucius*,  
*Cassius*, *Longinus*, *Quintus Cornificius*,  
*Caius Licinius*, and that talker, *Cicero*.  
 But *Catiline*, and *Antonius* will be chosen.  
 For foure of the other, *Licinius Longinus*,  
*Galba* and *Cornificius* will give way,  
 And *Cicero* they will not chuse. *FVL*. No? Why?  
*SEM*. It will be cross'd by the Nobility.  
*GAL*. How she does understand the common busines!  
*SEM*. Nor were it fit. He is but a new fellow,  
 An In-mate herein *Rome* (as *Catiline* calls him)  
 And the *Patricians* should doe very ill,  
 To let the Consul-ship be so defil'd?  
 As 'twould be, if he obtain'd it? A meere upstart,  
 That has no pedigree, no house, no coate,  
 No ensignes of a family? *FVL*. He has vertue.  
*SEM*. Hang vertue, where there is no blood: tis vice  
 And in him saucinesse. Why should he presume  
 To be more learned, or more eloquent,  
 Then the Nobility? or boast any quality  
 Worthy a Noble man, him selfe not noble?  
*FVL*. 'Twas vertue onely, at first made all men noble.  
*SEM*. I yeeld you, it might at first, in *Rome* poore ages;  
 When both our Kings, and Consuls held the plough,  
 Or garden'd well: But now we ha no need  
 To digge, or loose our sweat for't. We have wealth,  
 Fortune, and ease, and then their stocke to spend on,  
 Of Name, for Vertue, which will beare us out  
 Gainst all new commers, and can never faile us.  
 While the succession stayer. And we must glorifie  
 A Mushrome? one of yesterday? a fine speaker?  
 Cause he has suck'd at *Athens*? and advance him,  
 To our owne losse? No *Fulvia*; there are they  
 Can speake *Greeke* too, if need were, *Cesar* and I

# CATILINE. TA 3

Have set upon him; so hath *Crassus* too;  
 And others. We have all decreed his rest,  
 For rising farther. *GAL.* Excellent rare Ladies.  
*FVL.* *Sempronia*, you are beholden to my woman, here.  
 She does admire you. *SEM.* O good *Galla*, how dost thou?  
*GAL.* The better for your learned Ladiship.  
*SEM.* Is this grey poulder, a good Densitrice?  
*FVL.* You see I use it. *SEM.* I have one is whiter.  
*FVL.* It may be so. *SEM.* Yet this smells well. *GAL.* And clenfes  
 Very well, Madam, and resists the crudities.  
*SEM.* *Fulvia*, I pray thee, who comes to thee now?  
 Which of our great *Patricians*? *FVL.* Faith, I keepe  
 No Catalogue of 'hem. Sometimes I have one,  
 Sometimes another, as the toy takes their bloods.  
*SEM.* Thou hast them all. Faith, which was *Quintus Curius*,  
 Thy speciall servant here? *FVL.* My speciall servant.  
*SEM.* Yes, thy Idolator, I call him. *FVL.* He may be yours,  
 If you doe like him. *SEM.* How! *FVL.* He comes not here,  
 I have forbid him hence. *SEM.* *Venus* forbid! (rather,  
*FVL.* Why? *SEM.* Your so unconstant Lover. *FVL.* So much the  
 I would have change. So would you too, I am sure.  
 And now you may have him, *SEM.* Hee's fresh yet, *Fulvia*:  
 Beware, how you tempt me. *FVL.* Faith, for me,  
 He is somewhat too fresh indeed, the salt is gone,  
 That gave him season. His good gifts are done,  
 He does not yeeld the crop that he was wont.  
 And for the act, I can have secret fellowes,  
 With backs worth ten of him, and shall please me  
 (Now that the Land is fled) a myriad better (dings,  
*SEM.* And those one may command. *FVL.* Tis true, These Lor-  
 Your noble *Faunes*, they are so imperious, saucy,  
 Rude, and as boysterous as *Centauries*; leaping  
 A Ladie at first sight. *SEM.* And must be borne  
 Both with, and out, they thinke. *FVL.* Tut, Ile observe  
 None of 'hem all: nor humor 'hem a jot  
 Longer, then they come laden in the hand,  
 And say, here's t'one, for th'other. Does *Cesar* give well?  
*FVL.* They shall all give, and pay well, that came here  
 If they will have it: and that jewels, pearle,  
 Plate, or round summes, to buy these. I am not taken  
 With



# CATILINE.

With Cob-Swan, or a high-mounting Bull.  
As foolish *Leda*, and *Europa* were,  
But the bright gold which *Danaë*. For such price,  
I would endure, a rough, hard *Jupiter*,  
Or ten such thundring gamsters; and refraine  
To laugh at 'hem, till they are gone, with my much suffering.

SEM. Th'art a most happy wench, that thus canst make  
Use of thy youth, and freshnesse in the season:  
And hast it to make use of. FVL. (Which is the happinesse.)

SEM. I am not faine to give to them, and keepe  
Musicke, and a continuall Table, to invite 'hem.

FVL. Yes, and they studie your kitchen, more then you:

SEM. Eate up my selfe out with usurie, and my Lord too,  
And all my officers, and friends beside,  
To procure monies for the needfull charge.

I must be at, to have 'hem: And yet scarce  
Can I atchieue 'hem so. Fv. Why, thats because

You affect young faces onely, and smooth chinnes,  
*Sempronia*. If you'ld love beards, and bristles,  
(One with an other, as others doe) or wrinkles—

Who's that? Looke *Galla*. GA. Tis the party Madam.

FVL. What party? Has he no name? GA. Tis *Quintus Curius*.

Fv. Did I not bid 'hem say, I kept my chamber?

GA. Why, so they doe. SEM. I leave you *Fulvia*.

Fv. Nay, good *Sempronia*, stay. SEM. In Faith, I will not.

Fv. By *Juno*, I would not see him. SEM. Ile not hinder you.

GA. You know, he will not be kept out, Madam. SEM. No.

Nor shall not, carefull *Galla*, by my meanes.

Fv. As I doe live *Sempronia*, SEM. What needs this?

Fv. Goe, say, I am asleepe, and ill at ease.

SEM. By *Castor*, no; Ile tell him, you are awake;

And very well. Stay *Galla*, farewell *Fulvia*:

I know my manners. Why doe you labour thus,

With action against purpose? *Quintus Curius*,

She is yfaith here, and in disposition.

FVL. Spight. with your courtisie. How shall I be tortur'd!

CURIUS, FULVIA, GALLA.

W Here are you faire one, that conceale your selfe,  
And keepe your beautie within locks, and barres here,

# CATILINE.

Like a fooles treasure? FVL. True she was a foole,  
 When, first, she shew'd it to a theefe. CVR. How pretty fullennes!  
 So harsh and short? FVL. The fooles Artillery, sir.  
 CVR. Then take my gowne off, for th'encounter. FVL. Stay sir.  
 I am not in the moode. CVR. Ile put you into't.  
 FVL. Best, put your selfe, i' your case againe, and keepe  
 Your furious appetite warme, against you have place for't.  
 CVR. What! doe you coy it? FVL. No sir. I am not proud.  
 CVR. I would you were. You, thinke this state becomes you?  
 By *Hercules*, it does not. Looke i' your glasse, now,  
 And see, forvelly that countenance shewes;  
 You would be loth to owne it. FVL. I shall not change it.  
 CVR. Faith, but you must; and slacke this bended brow:  
 And shoot lesse icorne: there is a *Fortune* comming  
 Towards you, Dainty, that will take thee, thus,  
 And set thee aloft, to tread upon the head  
 Of her owne statue here in *Rome*. FVL. I wonder,  
 Who let this Promiser in! Did you, good *diligence*?  
 Give him his bribe, againe. Or if you had none,  
 Pray you demand him, why he is so ventrous,  
 To presse, thus, to my chamber, being forbidden  
 Both, by my selfe, and servants? CVR. How! this's handsome!  
 And somewhat a new straine! FVL. Tis not straind Sir,  
 Tis very naturall. CVR. I have knowne it otherwise,  
 Betweene the parties though. FVL. For your fore-knowledge,  
 Thanke that, which made it. It will not be so,  
 Hereafter, I assure you. CVR. No, my Mistresse?  
 FVL. No though you bring the same materials. CVR. Heare me,  
 You over act when you should underdoe,  
 A little call your selfe againe, and thinke,  
 If you doe thi spractise on me or finde  
 At what forc'd distance you can hold your servant;  
 That it be an artificiall trick, to enflame,  
 And fire me more fearing my love may need it,  
 As, heretofore, you ha'done; why, proceede  
 FVL. As I ha'done heretofore? CVR. Yes, when you'd faine  
 Your husbands jealousy your servants watches,  
 Speake softly and runne often to the dore;  
 Or to the windore, forme strange feares that were not;  
 As if the pleasure were lesse accptable,

That



CATILINE. TWO

That were secure. FVL. You are an impudent fellow.

CVR. And, when you might better have done it, at the gate,  
To take me in at the easement. FVL. I take you in?

CVR. Yes, you my Ladie: And, then, being a bed with you,  
To have you well taught wayter, here, come running,  
And cry, her Lord, and hid him without cause,  
Crush'd in a chest, or thrust up in a chimney.

When he, tame Crow, was winking at his Farme,  
Or, had beene here, and present, would have kept  
Both eyes, and beake seal'd up, for sixe sesterces.

FVL. You have a slanderous, beastly, unwash'd tongue,  
I' your rude mouth, and favouring your selfe,  
Unmanner'd Lord. CAR. How now? FVL. It is your title, Sir.

Who (since you ha' lost your good name, and know not  
What to loose more) care not whose honor you wound,  
Or fame you poyson with it. You should goe,

And vent your selfe i' the region, where you live,  
Among the Suburbe-Brothels, Bauds, and Brokers,  
Whither your broken fortunes have design'd you.

CVR. Nay, then I must stop your furie, I see; and plucke  
The Tragicke visor off. Come Ladie Cypris,  
Know your owne vertues, quickly. Ile not be

Put to the woing of you thus, afresh,  
At every turne, for all the Venus in you.  
Yeeld, and be pliant; or by Pollux—How now?

Will Lais turne a Lucrece? FVL. No, but by Castor,  
Hold off your Ravishers hands, I pierce your heart, else,  
Ile not be put to kill my selfe, as she did

For you sweet Tarquine. What? doe you fall off?  
Nay, it becomes you graciously. Put not up.  
You'll sooner draw your weapon on me, I thinke it,

Then on the Senate, who have cast you forth  
Disgracefully, to be the common tale  
Of the whole Citty: base, infamous Man:

For, were you other, you would there imploy  
Your desperate danger. CVR. Fulvia you doe know  
The strengths you have upon me: Doe not use

Your power too like a Tyrant: I can beare,  
Almost till you breake me. FVL. I doe know Sir,  
So does the Senate, too, know, you can beare.

# CATILINE.

**CVR.** By all the Gods, that *Senate* will smart deepe  
 For your upbraidings. I should be right sorry  
 To have the meanes so to be veng'd on you,  
 (At least, the will) as I shall shortly on them.  
 But, goe you on still: Fare you well, deare Ladie;  
 You could not still be faire unlesse you were proud.  
 You will repent these moods, and ere't be long, too.  
 I shall ha' you come about againe. **FVL.** Doe you thinke so?  
**CVR.** Yes, and I know so. **FVL.** By what Augury?  
**CVR.** By the faire Entrailles of the Matrons chests,  
 Gold, Pearle, and Jewels, here in *Rome*, which *Fulvia*  
 Will then (but late) say that she might have shar'd.  
 And, grieving, misse. **FVL.** Tut, all your promis'd Mountaines,  
 And Seas, I am so stately acquainted with---  
**CVR.** But, when you see the universall flood  
 Runne by your coffers; that my *Lords*, the *Senators*,  
 Are sold for slaves, their Wives for bond-women,  
 Their Houses, and fine Gardens given away,  
 And all their goods under the *Speare*, at out-cry,  
 And you have none of this; but are still *Fulvia*,  
 Or perhaps lesse, while you are thinking of it:  
 You will advise then, Coyneffe, with your cushion,  
 And looke o' your fingers; say, how you were with'd;  
 And so, he left you. **FVL.** Call him agen *Galla*:  
 This is not usuall, something hangs on this  
 That I must winne out of him. **CVR.** How now, melt you?  
**FVL.** Come you will laugh, now at my easinesse?  
 But, tis no miracle: Doves, they say, will bill  
 After their pecking, and their murmuring. **CVR.** Yes,  
 And then tis kindly. I would have my Love  
 Angry, sometimes, to sweeten off the rest  
 Of her behaviour. **FVL.** you doe see I study  
 How I may please you, then. But you thinke, *Curio*,  
 Tis covetise hath wrought me: If you love me  
 Change that unkinde conceit. **CVR.** By my lov'd soule,  
 I love thee, like to it; and tis my studie,  
 More then my owne revenge, to make thee happy.  
**FVL.** And tis that just revenge doth make me happy  
 To heare you so prosecute: and which, indeed,  
 Hath wonne me, to you, more then all the hope



## CATILINE.

Of what else can be promis'd. I love valour  
 Better, then any Ladie loves her face,  
 Or dressing : then my selfe does. Let me grow  
 Still, where I doe embrace. But what good meanes  
 Ha' you t' effect it? Shall I know your project?  
 CVR. Thou shalt, if thou'lt be gracious. FVL. As I can be.  
 CVR. And wilt thou kisse we then? FVL. As close as shels  
 Of Cockles meet. CVR. And print 'hem deep? Fv. Quite through  
 Our subtle lips. CVR. And often? FVL. I will sow 'hem,  
 Faster then you can reape. What is your plot?  
 CVR. Why, now my *Fulvia* lookes, like her bright name,  
 And is her selfe. FVL. Nay, answere me, your plot :  
 I pray thee tell me *Quintus*. CVR. I, these sounds  
 Become a Mistresse. Here is harmony.  
 When you are harsh, I see the way to bend you  
 Is not with violence, but service. Cruell,  
 A Ladie is a fire, gentle, a light.  
 FVL. Will you not tell me, what I aske you? CVR. All,  
 That I can thinke, sweete Love, or my breast holds,  
 Ile poure into thee. FVL. What is your designe then?  
 CVR. Ile tell thee : *Catiline* shall now be *Consul* :  
 But you will heare more shortly. FVL. Nay, deare Love.  
 CVR. Ile speake it, in thine armes : Let us goe in.  
*Rome* will be sack'd, her wealth will be our prize,  
 By publique ruine, private spirits must rise.

### CHORVS.

Great Father Mars, and greater Jove,  
 By whose high auspice, *Rome* hath stood  
 So long, and first was build in blood  
 Of your great Nephew, that then strove  
 Not with his brother, but your Rites :  
 Be present to her now, as then,  
 And let not proud and factious Men  
 Against your wills oppose their mights.  
 Our Consuls, now are to be made :  
 O, put it in the publique voice  
 To make a free and worthy choice :  
 Excluding such as would invade  
 The Common-wealth. Let whom we name

E

Have

# CATILINE.

Have wisdom, foresight, fortitude.  
 Be more with faith, then face endu'd,  
 And study conscience, above fame.  
 Such, as not seeke to get the start  
 In State, by power, parts, or bribes,  
 Ambition's bandes; but move the Tribes  
 By vertue, modesty, desert.  
 Such as to justice will adhere,  
 What ever great one it offend,  
 And from th'embraced truth not bend  
 For envy, hatred, gifts, or feare.  
 That by their deeds will make it knowne,  
 Whose dignity they doe sustaine,  
 And life, state, glory, all they gaine,  
 Count the Republiques, not their owne.  
 Such the old Bruti, Decij were,  
 The Cipi, Curtij, who did give  
 Themselves for Rome: And would not live,  
 As men, good, onely for a yeare.  
 Such were the great Camilli too;  
 The Fabij, Scipio's, that still thought  
 No worke at price enough, was bought,  
 That for their Countrey they could doe.  
 And to her honour, so did knit;  
 As all their acts were understood  
 The sinewes of the Publique good:  
 And they themselves, one soule with it.  
 These men were truely Magistrates;  
 These neither practis'd force, nor formes,  
 Nor did they leave the helme in stormes:  
 And such they are make happy States.

## Act. iij.

CICERO, CATO, CATULVS,  
 ANTONIVS, CRASSVS, CAESAR,  
 CHORVS, LICTORS.

Great Honors are great burdens: But on whom  
 They are cast with envy, he doth beare two loads.



# CATILINE.

His care must still be double to his joyes,  
 In any dignitie; where if he erre,  
 He findes no pardon: and for doing well  
 A small praise, and that wrung out by force.  
 I speak this, *Romans*, knowing what the weight  
 Of the high charge, you have trusted to me, is,  
 Not that thereby I would with art decline  
 The good, or greatnesse of your benefit:  
 For I ascribe it to your singular grace  
 And vow, to owe it to no tittle else,  
 Except the Gods, that *Cicero* is your *Consul*.  
 I have no Urnes, no dusty Monuments,  
 No broken Images of Ancestors,  
 Wanting an eare, or noise: no forged tables  
 Of long descents, to boast false honours from  
 Or be my undertakers to your trust.  
 But a new Man (as I am stil' d in *Rome*)  
 Whom you have dignified: and more, in whom  
 Yo' have cut away, and left it ope for vertue  
 Hereafter, to that place, which our Great men  
 Held shut up, with all rampiers, for themselves.  
 Nor have but few of them in time beene made  
 Your Consuls so; New men, before me, none:  
 At my first suite, in my iust yeare, prefer'd  
 To all Competitors, and some the noblest.  
 CRA. Now the vaine swels. CAES. Up glory. Cic. And to  
 Your loud consents, from your owne utter'd voyces,  
 Not silent bookes, nor from the meaner tribes,  
 But first, and last, the universall concourse,  
 This is my joy, my gladnesse. But my care.  
 My industrie, and vigilance now must worke,  
 That still your counsell of me approv'd,  
 Both by your selves, and those to whom you have,  
 With grudge preferd me: Two things I must labour,  
 That neither they upbraid, nor you repent you.  
 For every lapse of mine will now be call'd  
 Your error, if I make such. But my hope is,  
 So to bare out and through the Consulship,  
 As spight shall ne're wound you, though it may me.  
 And for my selfe, I have prepar'd this strength,

# CATILINE.

To doe so well, as if there happen ill  
Unto me, it shall make the Gods to blush,  
And be their crime, not mine, that I am envi'd.

CAES. O confidence ! More new then is the Man!

CIC. I know well, in what termes I doe receive  
The Common-wealth, how vexed, how perplex'd:

In which there is not that mischiefe, or ill fate,

That good men feare not, wicked men expect not,

I know beside, some turbulent practises

Already on foot, and rumours of more dangers.

CRA. Or you will make them, if there be none. *Cic. Last.*

I know 'twas this, which made the envie, and pride

Of the great *Roman* blood bate, and give way

To my election. *CAT. Marcus Tullius, true:*

Our neede made thee our Confull, and thy vertue.

CAES. *Cato*, you will undoe him, with your praise.

CAT. *Cesar* will hurt himselfe, with his owne envie.

CHO. The voice of *Cato* is the voyce of *Rome*.

CAT. The voyce of *Rome* is the consent of Heaven;

And that hath plac'd thee *Cicero* at the helme,

Where thou must render, now thy selfe a Man,

And Master of thy art. Each pettie hand

Can steere a ship becalm'd : but he that will

Governe, and carrie her to her ends, must know

His tides, his currants, how to shift his failes:

What she will beare in foule, what in faire weathers:

Where her springs are, her leakes, and how to stop 'hem:

What sands, what shelves, what rocks to threaten her:

The forces, and the natures of all winds,

Gusts, stormes, and tempests, when her keele ploughs hell,

And decke knocks Heaven : then to manage her

Becomes the name, and office of a Pilot.

CIC. Which I le performe with all the diligence,

And fortitude I have : not for my yeare,

But for my life; except my life be lesse,

And that my yeare conclude it : if it must,

Your will lov'd Gods. This heart shall yet imploy

A day, an houre, is left me, so for *Rome*.

As it shall spring a life out of my death,

To shine for ever glorious in my facts:



## CATILINE.

“The vicious count their yeares, vertuous their acts.

CHO. Most noble Consul! Let us waite him home.

CAES. Most popular Consul he is growne, me thinkes.

CRA. How the rout cling to him! CAES. And *Caro* leads 'hem?

CRA You, his colleague. *Antonius*, are not look't on.

ANT. Not I, nor doe I care. CAES. He enjoyes rest,

And ease the while: Let th' others spirit toyle,

And wake it out, that was inspir'd for turmoyle.

CATV. If all reports be true, yet *Caius Caesar*,

The time hath neede of such a watch, and spirit:

CAES. Reports? Doe you beleeve 'hem *Catulus*,

Why, he does make, and breed 'hem for the people;

T'endear his service to 'hem. Doe you not tast

An art that is so common? Popular men,

They must create strange Monsters, and then quell 'hem;

To make their Arts seeme something. Would you have

Such an *Herculean* Actor in the Scene,

And not his *Hydra*? They must sweat no lesse

To fit their properties, then t' expresse their parts.

“CRA. Treasons and guiltie men are made in States

“Too oft to dignifie the Magistrates.

“Those States are wretched, that are forc'd to buy

“Their Rulers fame, with their owne infamy.

CRA. We therefore should provide that ours doe not.

CAES. That will *Antonius* make his care. ANT. I shall.

CAES. And watch the watcher. CATV. Here comes *Catiline*.

How does he brooke his late repulse? CAES. I know not.

But hardly sure. CAT. *Longinus* too, did stand?

CAES. At first: But he gave away unto his friend.

CATV. Who's that come? *Lentulus*? CAES. Yes. He is againe

Taken into the Senate. ANT. And made Prætor.

CAT. I know't. He had my suffrage, next the Consuls.

CAES. True, you were there, Prince of the Senate then.

CATILINE, ANTONIVS, CATVLVS,

CAESAR, CRASSVS, LONGI-

NVS, LENTVLVS.

**H**Ayle noblest *Romanes*. The most worthy Consul,  
I gratefully salute your Honor. ANT. And could wish  
It had beene happier, by your fellowship,

## CATILINE.

Most noble *Sergius*, had it pleas'd the people.

CATI. It did not please the Gods: Who instruct the people

And their unquestion'd pleasures must be serv'd.

They know what's fitter for us, then our selves;

And 'twere impiety to thinke against them.

CATV. You beare it rightly, *Lucius*; and, it glads me,

To finde your thoughts so even. CATI. I shall still

Studie to make them such in *Rome*, and Heaven.

I would withdraw with you, a little, *Tullius*.

CAES. He come home to you: *Crassus* would not ha' you

To speake to him, fore *Quintus Catulus*.

CATI. I apprehend you. No, when they shall judge

Honors convenient for me, I shall have 'hem

With a full hand: I know it. In meane time,

They are no lesse part of the Common-wealth,

That doe obey, then those, that doe command.

CATV. O, let me kisse your forehead, *Lucius*.

How you are wrongd! CATI. By whom? CATV. Publicke re-

That gives you out, to stomacke your repulle;

And brooke it deadly. CATI. Sir: she brookes not me

Beleeve me rather, and your selfe, now, of me,

It is a kinde of flander, to trust rumour.

CATV. I know it. And would be angry with it.

CATI. So may not I. Where it concernes himselfe,

Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.

CATV. Most noble *Sergius*! this your temper melts me.

CRA. Will you doe office to the Consull *Quintus*?

CAES. That *Cato*, and the Rout have done the other?

CATV. I wait, then he will goe. Bestill your selfe.

He wants no state, or honors, that hath vertue.

CATI. Did I appeare so tame, as this man thinks me?

Look'd so poore, so dead? So like that nothing

Which he calls vertuous? O my breast, breake quickly;

And shew my friends my in-parts, least they thinke

I have betraid 'hem. LON. Wher's *Gabinus*? LEN. Gone.

LON. And *Vargunteius*? LEN. Slipt away; all shrunk:

Now that he mist the Consul-ship. CATI. I am

The scorne of bond-men: who are next to beasts.

What can I worse pronounce my selfe, that's fitter?

The Owle of *Rome*, whom Boyes, and Girles will houre:

That



# CATILINE.

That were I set up, for that Wooden God,  
That keeps our Gardens, could not affright the Crows,  
Or the least Bird from muting on my head.

LON. Tis strange how he should misse it. LEN. Is't not stranger  
The upstart *Cicero* should carrie it so,  
By all consents, from men so much his Masters?

LON. Tis true. CATI. To what a shadow, am I melted!

LON. *Antonius* wan it but by some few voices.

CATI. Strooke through, like aire, and feele it not. My wounds  
Close faster, then they're made. LEN. The whole designe  
And enterprise is lost by't. All hands quit it.

Upon his fayle. CATI. I grow mad at my patience.

It is a Visor that hath porten'd me.

Would it had burnt me up, and I died inward:

My heart first turn'd to ashes. LON. Here's *Cethegus* yet.

CATILINE, CETHEGVS, LENTVLVS,  
LONGINVS, CATO.

**R** Epulse upon repulse? An In-mate, Consul?

That I could reach the axell, where the pinnes are,

Which bolt this frame; that I might pull 'hem out,

And plucke all into Chaos, with my selfe.

CET. What, are we wishing now? CATI. Yes my *Cethegus*.

Who would not fall with all the world about him?

CET. Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls:

And force new Nature out, to make another.

These wishings taste of women, not of *Romane*.

Let us seeke other armes. CATI. What should we doe?

CET. Do, and not wish; something, that wishes take not,

So sudaine, as the Gods should not prevent,

Nor scarce have time to feare. CATI. Onoble *Caius*!

CET. It likes me better, that you are not Consul.

I would not goe through open dores, but breake 'hem:

Swim to my ends through blood: or build a bridge

Of carcasses: make on, upon the heads

Of men, strooke downe like piles; to reach the lives

Of those remaine, and stand: then is't a pray,

When Danger stoppes, and Ruine makes the way.

CATI. How thou dost utter me, brave soule, that may not

At all times, shew such as I am: but bend

Unto

## CATILINE.

Unto occasion? *Lentulus*, this man,  
 If all your fire were out, would fetch downe new,  
 Out of the hand of *Jove*, and rivet him  
 To *Caucasus*, should he but frowne: and let  
 His owne gaunt Eagle flie at him, to tire.  
 LEN. Peace, here comes *Cato*. CAT. Let him come, and heare  
 I will no more dissemble. Quit us all:  
 I, and my lov'd *Cethegus* here, alone  
 Will undertake this Giants warre, and carry it.  
 LEN. What needs this, *Lucius*? LON. *Sergius* be more wary.  
 CATI. Now *Marcus Cato*, our new Consuls spie,  
 What is your sower austerity sent t'explore?  
 CATO. Nothing in thee licentious *Catiline*:  
 Halts, and racks cannot expresse from thee  
 More, then thy deeds. Tis onely judgement waites thee.  
 CATI. Whose? *Cato's*? shall he judge me? CAT. No, the Gods:  
 "Who, ever follow those, they go not with:  
 And Senate: who, with fire, mult purge sicke *Rome*  
 Of noysome Citizens, whereof thou art one.  
 Be gone, or else let me. Tis baine to draw (Caius:  
 The same ayre with thee. CET. Strike him. LEN. Hold good  
 CET. Fearst thou not *Cato*? CATO. Rash *Cethegus*, no.  
 Twere wrong with *Rome*, when *Catiline* and thou  
 Doe threat, if *Cato* fear'd. CATI. The fire you speake of  
 If any flame of it approach my fortunes  
 Ile quench it, not with water but with ruine.  
 CATO. You heare this, *Romans*. CATI. Bear't to the Consul.  
 CET. I would have sent away his soule, before him.  
 You are to heavie, *Lentulus*, and remisse:  
 It is for you we labour, and the Kingdome  
 Promis'd you by the *Sybill's*. CATI. Which his Prætorship,  
 And some small flattery of the Senate more,  
 Will make him to forget. LEN. You wrong me, *Lucius*.  
 LON. He wil not need these spurs. CET. The action needs'hem.  
 "These things, when they proceed not, they goe backward.  
 LEN. Let us consult then. CET. Let us, first, take armes  
 They that denie us just things, now, will give  
 All that we aske: if once they see our swords.  
 CAT. Our objects must be sought with wounds, not words.



# CATILINE.

CICERO, FVLVIA.

**I**S there a Heaven? and Gods? and can it be  
 They should so slowly heare, so slowly see?  
 Hath *Ioue* no thunder? or is *Ioue* become  
 Stupid as thou art? oh neare-wretched *Rome*,  
 When both the Senate, and the Gods doe sleepe,  
 And neither thine nor their owne states doe keepe!  
 What will awake thee, Heaven? what can excite  
 Thine anger, if this practise be too light?  
 His former drifts partake of former time.  
 But this last plot was onely *Catilines*.  
 O, that it were his last. But he, before,  
 Hath safely done so much, hee'll still dare more.  
 Ambition, like a torrent, nere looks backe;  
 And is a swelling, and the last affection  
 A high minde can put off: being both a *Rebell*  
 Unto the soule, and reason, and enforecth  
 All lawes, all conscience, treads upon religion,  
 And offereth violence to Natures selfe.  
 But here is that transcends it. A blacke purpose  
 To confound Nature: and to ruine that,  
 Which never Age nor Mankinde can repaire.  
 Sit downe, good *Ladie*; *Cicero* is lost  
 In this your fable: for, to thinke it true  
 Tempteth my reason. It so farre exceeds  
 All insolent fictions of the tragicke *Scene*:  
 The Common-wealth, yet panting, underneath  
 The stripes, and wounds of a civill warre,  
 Gasping for life, and scarce restor'd to hope;  
 To seeke t'oppresse her, with new cruelty,  
 And utterly extinguish her long name,  
 With so prodigious, and unheard-of fiercenesse!  
 What sinke of Monsters, wretches of lost minds,  
 Mad after change, and desperate in their states,  
 Wearied and gall'd with their necessities,  
 (For all this I allow them) durst have thought it?  
 Would not the barbarous deeds have bin believ'd  
 Of *Marins*, and *Sylla*, by your Chidren,  
 Without this fact had rise forth greater, for them?  
 All, that they did, was piety, to this.

# CATILINE.

They yet, be mured Kinsfolke, Brothers, Parents,  
Ravish'd the Virgins, and perhaps, some Matrons;  
They left the Citty standing, and the Temples;  
The Gods, and Majesty of *Rome* were safe yet.  
These purpose to fire it, to dispoile them,  
(Beyond the other evils,) and lay waste  
The farre triumphed world: For unto whom  
*Rome* is too little, what can be enough?

FVL. Tis true, my Lord, had the same discouffe.  
CIC. And then to take a horrid Sacrament  
In humane blood, for execution  
Of this their dire designe; which might be call'd  
The height of wickednesse: but that, that was higher,  
For which they did it. FVL. I assure your Lordship.

The extreame horreur of it almost turn'd me  
To aire, when first I heard it; I was all  
A vapour, when 'twas told me: And I long'd  
To vent it any where: 'Twas such a secret,  
I thought it would have burnt me up. CIC. Good *Fulvia*,  
Feare not your act; and lesse repent you of it.

FVL. I do not my good Lord. I know to whom  
I have utter'd it. CIC. You have discharg'd it safely.  
Should *Rome*, for whom you have done the happy service,  
Turne most ingrate; yet were your vertue paid  
In conscience of the fact: so much good deeds  
Reward themselves. FVL. My Lord, I did it not  
To any other aime, but for it selfe.

To no ambition. CIC. You have learn'd the difference  
Of doing office to the publike weale,  
And private friendship, and have shewne it, Ladie.  
Bestill your selfe. I have sent for *Quintus Curius*,  
And (for your vertuous sake) if I can winne him,  
Yet to the Common-wealth; He shall be safe too.

FVL. Ile undertake, my Lord, he will be wonne.  
CIC. Pray you joyne with me, then: And helpe to worke him.

CICERO, LICTOR, FVLVIA,  
CURIVS. (presently,

How now? Is he come? LIC. He's here my Lord. CIC. Goe  
Pray my Colleague *Antonius*; I may speake with him,  
About



# CATILINE. A 3

About some present businesse of the State;  
 And (as you goe) call on my brother *Quintus*,  
 And pray him, with the *Tribunes* to come to me.  
 Bid *Curius* enter. *Fulvia*, you will aide me?  
*FVL.* It is my duty. *Ces.* O, my noble Lord!  
 I have to chide you yfaith. Give me your hand.  
 Nay, be not troubled, 'tshall be gentle, *Curius*.  
 You looke upon this Lady? What Doe you guesse  
 My businesse, yet? Come, if you frowne, I thunder:  
 Therefore, put on your better lookes, and thoughts.  
 Ther's nought but faire, and good intended to you;  
 And I would make these your complexion.  
 Would you, of whom the *Senate* had that hope,  
 As on my knowledge, it was in their purpose,  
 Next sitting, to restore you: as they ha'done  
 The stupid and ungratefull *Lentulus*,  
 (Excuse me, that I name you thus, together,  
 For, yet, you are not such) would you, I say,  
 A person both of Blood Honour, stock'e  
 In a long race of vertuous Ancestors,  
 Embarke your selfe for such a hellish action,  
 With Parricides, and Traitors, men turn'd Furies,  
 Out of the wast, and ruines of their fortunes;  
 (For 'tis despaire, that is the mother of madnesse)  
 Such as want (that, which all Conspirators,  
 But they, have first) meere colour for their mischief?  
 O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not labour  
 To extenuate your guilt, but quit it cleane  
 "Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave 'hem.  
 "He acts the third crime, that defends the first.  
 Here is a Lady that hath got the start,  
 In piety, of us all, and for whose vertue,  
 I could almost turne Lover, againe: but that  
*Terentia* would be jealous. what an honor  
 Hath she atchieved to her selfe! What voices,  
 Titles, and loud applauses will pursue her,  
 Through every street! What windors will be fill'd,  
 To shoote eyes at her! What envy, and grieve in Matrons,  
 They are not she! when this her act shall seame  
 Worthier a Chariot, then if *Pompey* came,

# CATILINE.

With *Asia* chain'd ! All this is while she lives.  
 But dead, her very name will be a Statue,  
 Not wrought for time, but rooted in the mindes  
 Of all posterity; when Brasse, and Marble,  
 I, and the *Capitol* it selfe is dust,  
 FVL. Your Honour thinkes too highly of me. CIE. No.  
 I cannot thinke enough. And I would have  
 Him emulate you. Tis no shame, to follow  
 The better precedent. Shee shewes you, *Curio*,  
 What claime your Countrey laies to you; and what dutie  
 You owe to it; Be not afraid, to breake  
 With Murderers, and Traytors, for the saving  
 A life so neere, and necessary to you,  
 As is your Countrey. Thinke but on her right.  
 "No Childe can be too naturall to his Parent.  
 She is our common Mother, and doth challenge  
 The prime part of us: Doe not stop but give it:  
 "He that is voide of feare, may soone be just,  
 "And no Religion binds men to be Traitors.  
 FVL. My Lord, he understands it; and will follow  
 Your saving counsell. But his shame, yet stayes him.  
 I know that he is comming. CVR. Doe you know it? (IP  
 FVL. Yes, let me speake with you CVR. O you are FVL. what am  
 CVR. Speake not so loud. FVL. I am, what you should be,  
 Come, doe you thinke, I'd walke in any plot,  
 Where Madam *Sempronia* should take place of me,  
 And *Fulvia* come i' the v're, or on the by?  
 That I would be a ~~second~~ in her businesse,  
 Though it may vantage me all the Sunne fees?  
 It was a silly fancy of yours. Apply  
 Your selfe to me, and the Consul, and be wise:  
 Follow the fortune I ha put you into:  
 You may be something this way, and with safety.  
 CIE. Nay, I must tolerate no wisperings Lady.  
 FVL. Sir, you may heare. I tell him in the way.  
 Wherein he was, how hazardous his course was.  
 CIE. How hazardous? how certaine to all ruine.  
 Did he, or doe, yet any of them imagine  
 The Gods would sleepe, to such a *Syagian* practise,  
 Against the common wealth which they have founded

With



# CATILINE.

With so much labour, and like care have kept,  
 Now neare seven hundred yeares? It is madnesse  
 Wherewith Heaven blinds 'hem, when it would cōfound 'em  
 That they should thinke it. Come my *Carinus*,  
 I see your nature's right, you shall no more  
 Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,  
 And trouble this good shame, no farder. Stand  
 Firme for your Countrie, and become a man  
 Honor'd, and lov'd. It were a noble life,  
 To be found dead, embracing hee. Know you,  
 What thanks, what titles, what rewards the *Senate*  
 Will heape upon you, certaine for your service?  
 Let not a desperate action more engage you,  
 Then safety should, and wicked friendship force  
 What honesty and vertue cannot worke.  
**FVL.** He tels you right sweete friend: Tis saving counsell.  
**CVR.** Most noble *Consul*, I am yours, and hers,  
 I meane my Countries: you have form'd me new,  
 Inspiring me with what I should be truly.  
 And Iintreate, my faith may not seeme cheaper  
 For springing out of penitence. **Cic.** Good *Carinus*,  
 It shall be dearer rather, and because  
 I'd make it such, heare how I trust you more.  
 Keepe still your former face; and mixe againe  
 With those lost spirits. Run all their mazes with 'hem,  
 For such are treasons. Findo their windings out,  
 And subtile turnings, watch their snakie waies,  
 Through brakes and hedges, into woods of darkenesse,  
 Where they are faine to creepe upon their breasts  
 In paths nere trod by Men, but Wolves, and Panthers.  
 Learne, beside *Catiline*, *Lentulus*, and those,  
 Whose names I have, what new ones they drawein,  
 Who else are likely, what those Great ones are,  
 They doe not name, what waies they meane to take,  
 And whither their hopes point, to warre or ruine,  
 By some surprize. Explore all their intents,  
 And what you finde may profit the Republique,  
 Acquaint me with it, either by your selfe,  
 Or this your vertuous friend, on whom I lay  
 The care of urging you; Ile see that *Rome*  
 Shall prove a thankfull and a bounteous Mother:

# CATILINE.

Be secret as the night. **CVR.** And constant Sir!  
**CIC.** I doe not doubt it. Though the time cut off  
 All vowes, "The dignity of truth is lost.  
 With much protesting: Who is there? This way  
 Least you be seene, and met. And when you come,  
 Be this your token; to this fellow. Light 'hem.

O *Rome*, in what sicknesse art thou fall'n!  
 How dangerous, and deadly! when thy head  
 Is dround in sleepe, and all thy body fev'ry!  
 No noise, no pulling, no vexation weaks thee,  
 Thy *Lethargie* is such: or if by chance,  
 Thou have thy eye-lids up, thou dost forget  
 Sooner, then thou wert told, thy proper danger,  
 I did unreverently, to blame the Gods,  
 Who wake for thee, though thou snore to thy selfe.  
 Is it not strange thou should'st be so diseas'd,  
 And so secure? But more, that the first symptoms  
 Of such a malady, should not rise out  
 From any worthy member but a base  
 And common strumpet, worthlesse to be nam'd  
 A haire or part of thee? Thinke, thinke, hereafter,  
 What thy needs were, where thou must use such meanes:  
 And lay it to thy breast, how much the Gods  
 Upbraid the foule neglect of them; by making  
 So vile a thing, the Author of thy safety.  
 They could have wrought by nobler waies: have strooke  
 Thy foes with forked lightning; or ramm'd Thunder;  
 Throwne hills upon 'hem, in the act; have sent  
 Death, like a dampe, to fall their families:  
 Or caus'd their conscience to burst 'hem. But,  
 When they will shew thee what thou art, and make  
 A scornfull difference 'twixt the power and thee,  
 They helpe thee by such aides, as Geese, and Harlots.  
 How now? What answer? Is he come? **LEC.** Your Brother,  
 Will straight be here: and your Colleague *Antoni*  
 Said coldly, he would follow me. **CIC.** I, that  
 Troubles me somewhat, and is worth my feare:  
 He is a man, 'gainst whom I must provide,  
 That (as hee'll doe no good) he doe no harme:  
 He, though he be not of the plot, will like it,  
 And wish it would proceede: for unto men,



# CATILINE.

Prest with her wants, all change is ever welcome.  
 I must with offices, and patience winne him;  
 Make him, by art, that which he is not borne;  
 A friend unto the publike, and bestow  
 The *Province* on him; which is by the *Senate*  
 Decreed to me: that benefite will bind him.  
 Tis well, if some men will doe well, for price:  
 "So few are vertuous, when the reward's away:  
 Nor must I be uaindfull of my private;  
 For which I have call'd my Brother, and the *Tribunes*,  
 My Kins-folke, and my *Clients* to be neare me;  
 "He that stands up 'gainst Traitors, and their ends,  
 "Shall neede a double guard, of Law, and friends;  
 "Especially, in such an envious State,  
 "That sooner will accuse the Magistrate,  
 "Then the delinquent; and will rather grieve  
 "The Traitor is not acted, then beleeve

CAESAR, CATILINE.

**T**He night growes on; and you are for your meeting:  
 Ile therefore end in few. Be resolute,  
 And put your enterprise in act: The more  
 "Actions of depth, and danger are consider'd,  
 "The lesse assuredly they are perform'd.  
 And thence it hapneth that the bravest plots  
 (Not executed straight) have bin discover'd.  
 Say, you are constant, or another, a third,  
 Or more: there may be yet one wretched spint,  
 With whom the feare of punishment shall worke  
 'Bove all the thoughts of honor, and revenge.  
 You are not, now, to thinke what's best to doe,  
 As in beginnings: what must be done,  
 Being thus entred: and slip no advantage  
 That may secure you. Let 'hem call it mischief:  
 "When it is past, and prosp' red, 'twill be vertue.  
 "Th'are petty crimes punish'd, great rewarded.  
 Nor must you thinke of perill, since, "Attempts,  
 "Begunne with danger, still doe end with glory:  
 "And, when neede spurrs, despaire will be cald wisdom.  
 Lesse ought the care of men, or fame to fright you:  
 "For they, that winne, do seldome receive shame  
 "Of victory: how ere it be achiev'd:

And

# CATILINE.

And vengeance, *least*. For who, besieg'd with wants  
 Would stop at death, or any thing beyond it?  
 Come there was never any great thing, yet?  
 Aspired, but by violence, or fraud:  
 And he that sticks (for folly of a conscience)  
 To reach it—*CAT.* Is a good religious foole.  
*CAES.* A superstitious slave and will die beast.  
 Good night. You know what *Crassus* thinks, and I,  
 By this: Prepare you wings, as large as sayles  
 To cut through Ayre, and leave no print behinde you.  
 A Serpent, ere he comes to be a Dragon,  
 Do's eate a Bat: and so must you a Consul,  
 That watches. What you doe, doe quickly *Sergius*,  
 You shal not stir for me. *CAT.* Excuse me, lights there. (*Caesar*).  
*CAES.* By no meanes. *CAT.* Say then. All good thoughts to  
 And like to *Crassus*. *CAES.* Minde but your friends counsels.

*CATILINE, AURELIA, LECCE.*

**O**R I will beare no minde. How now, *Aurelia*?  
 Are your confederates come? the Ladies? *AVR.* Yes.  
*CAT.* And is *Sempronia* there? *AVR.* She is. *CAT.* That's wel  
 She ha's a sulphurous spirit, and will take  
 Light at a sparke. Breake with them gentle love,  
 About the drawing as many of their husbands  
 Into a plot, as can: if not to rid 'hem,  
 That'll be the easier practise, unto some,  
 Who have bin tir'd with 'hem long. Sollicite  
 Their aydes, for money, and their Servants helpe.  
 In firing of the Citty, at the time  
 Shall be design'd. Promise 'hem States, and Empires,  
 And men, for Lovers, made of better clay  
 Then ever the old Potter *Titan* knew,  
 Who's that? O: *Porcius Lucca*! are they met?  
*LEC.* They are all here. *CAT.* Love, you have your instructions:  
 Ile trust you with the stufte you have to worke on.  
 You'll forme it? *Porcius*, fetch the silver Eagle  
 I ga' you in charge, and pray 'hem they will enter.

*CATILINE, CETHEGVS, CURIVS, LENTVLVS,  
 VARGVNTIVS, LONGINVS, GABINVS,  
 CEPARIVS, AVTRONIVS, &c.*

**O** Friends your faces glad me. This will be  
 Our last, I hope of consultation.

*CAT.*



# CATILINENS

CAT. So, it had need. CVR. We loose occasion, daily.  
 CAT. I, and our meanes: whereof one wounds me most,  
 That was the fairest. *Piso* is dead in *Spaine*.  
 CET. As we are, here. LON. And it is thought, by envy  
 Of *Pompey's* followers. LEN. He too's comming backe,  
 Now out of *Asia*. CAT. Therefore what we intend  
 We must be swift in. Take your seates, and heare.  
 I have already, sent *Septimius*  
 Into the *Picene* territory; and *Julius*,  
 To raise force, for us, in *Apulia*:  
*Manlius* at *Fesula* is (by this time) up  
 With the old needie troopes, that follow'd *Sylla*;  
 And all doe but expect, when we will give  
 The blowe at home. Behold this silver Eagle,  
 Was *Marinus* standard, in the *Cimbrian* warre,  
 Fatall to *Rome*: and as our Augurs tell me,  
 Shall still be so: For which one omenous cause,  
 I have kept it safe, and done it sacred rites,  
 As to a God-head; In a Chapell built  
 Of purpose to it, with vowes of death and ruine,  
 Strooke silently, and home. So waters speake  
 When they run deepest. Now's the time this yeare  
 The twentieth, from the firing of the Capitol,  
 As fatall too, to *Rome*, by all predictions;  
 And in which honor'd *Lentulus* must rise  
 A King if he peruse it. CVR. If he doe not,  
 He is not worthy the great destiny.  
 LEN. It is too great for me, but what the Gods,  
 And their great loves decreeme, I must not  
 Seeme carelesse of. CAT. No nor we envious:  
 Wee have enough beside; all *Gallia*, *Belgia*,  
*Greece*, *Spaine*, and *Affricke*. CVR. I, and *Asia* too,  
 Now *Pompey* is returning. CAT. Noblest *Romanes*,  
 Me thinkes our lookes, are not so quicke and high,  
 As they were wont. CVR. No? whose is not? CAT. We have  
 No anger in our eyes, no storme, no lightning:  
 Our hate is spent, and fum'd away in vapor,  
 Before our hands be at worke. I can accuse  
 Not any one, but all of slacknesse. CET. Yes,  
 And be your selfe such while you do it. CAT. Ha?

# CATILINE

Tis sharply answerd, *Caius*. **CET.** Truly, truly.  
**LEN.** Come, let useach one know his part to doe,  
 And then be accus'd, leave these untimely quarrels.  
**CVR.** I would there were more *Romes* then one, to ruine.  
**CEL.** More *Romes*? More worlds. **CVR.** Nay the, more Gods, &  
 If they took part. **LEN.** When shal the time be, First? (natures,  
**CAT.** I thinke the *Saturnals*. **CET.** Twill be too long.  
**CAT.** They are not now farre off, 'tis not a month.  
**CET.** A weeke, a day, an houre is too farre off.  
 Now, were the fittest time. **CAT.** We ha' not laid  
 All things so safe, and readie. **CET.** While we are laying,  
 We sha l all lie, and grow to earth. Would I  
 Were nothing in it, if not now. These things  
 They shall be done, ere thought. **CAT.** Nay, now your reason  
 Forsakes you, *Caius*. Thinke but what commodity  
 That time will minister: the Cities custome  
 Of being, then, in mirth, and feast. **LEN.** Loos'd whole  
 In pleasure and security. **AVL.** Each house  
 Resolv'd in freedom. **CVR.** Every slave a master.  
**LEN.** And they too no meane aides. **CVR.** Made frō their hope  
 Of liberty. **LEN.** Or hate unto their Lords.  
**VAR.** Tis sure, there cannot be a time found out  
 More apt, and naturall. **LEN.** Nay good *Cethegus*,  
 Why doe your passions, now, disturbe our hopes?  
**CET.** Why doe your hopes delude your certainties?  
**CAT.** You must lend him his way. Thinke, for the order,  
 And processe of it. **LEN.** Yes. **LEN.** I like not fire.  
 Twill too much wast my Citie. **CAT.** Were it embers,  
 There will be weakh enough, rack't out of them,  
 To spring a new: It must be fire or nothing.  
**LEN.** What else should fright, or terrifie 'hem? **VAR.** True.  
 In that confusion, must be the chiefe slaughter.  
**CVR.** Then we we shal kil 'hem bravest. **CET.** And in heapes.  
**AVT.** Strew Sacrifices. **CVR.** Make the Earth an Altar.  
**LEN.** And *Rome* the fire. **LEC.** Twill be a noble night.  
**VAR.** And worth al *Sylla's* daies. **CVR.** When husbands, wives,  
 Virgins, and Priests, the Infant, and the Nurse  
 Goe all to hell, together, in a flecte.  
**CAT.** I would have you *Longinus*, and *Statilius*,  
 To take the charge o' the firing, which must be,



# CATILINE.

At a signe given with a trumpet, done  
 In twelve chiefe places of the Citie at once.  
 The flaxe, and sulphure, are already laid  
 In, at *Cethegus* house. So are the weapons,  
*Gabinus*, you with other force, shall stop  
 The pipes, and conduits: and kill those that come  
 For water. *CVR.* What shall I doe? *CAT.* All wi'll have  
 Employment, feare not, ply the execution.  
*CVR.* For that, trust me, and *Cethegus*. *CAT.* I will be  
 At hand, with the army, to meete those that scape.  
 And *Lentulus*, begirt you *Pompey's* house,  
 To seize his sonnes alive: for they are they  
 Must make our peace with him. All else cut off,  
 As *Tarquin* did the *Pompey* heads; or mowers  
 A field of thistles: or else, up, as ploughes  
 Do barren lands: and stricke together flints,  
 And clods: th' ungratefull Senate, and the people:  
 Till no age, gone before, or coming after  
 May weigh with yours; though Horror leapt her selfe  
 Into the scale: but in your violent acts,  
 The fall of torrents, and the noise of tempests,  
 The boyling of *Charibdis*, the Seas wildnesse,  
 The eating force of flames, and wings of winds  
 Be all outwrought, by your transcendent furies.  
 It had bene done, ere this, had I bin Consul:  
 We had had no stop, no let. *LEN.* How find you *Antonius*?  
*CAT.* The other has wonne him lost, that *Cicero*  
 Was borne to be my opposition,  
 And stands in all our waies. *CVR.* Remove him first  
*CET.* May that, yet, be done sooner? *CAT.* Would it wer done.  
*CVR.* *VAR.* He doe't. *CET.* It is my province: none usurpe it.  
*LEN.* What are your meanes? *CET.* Enquire not. He shal die.  
 Shall, was too slowly said. He is a dying. That  
 Is, not too slow. He is dead. *CAT.* Brave, onely *Roman*,  
 Whose soule might be the worlds soule; were that dying:  
 Refuse not, yet, the aides of these your friends:  
*LEN.* Here's *Vargunteius* holds good quarter with him.  
*CAT.* And under the pretext of clientele  
 And visitation of morning *Hayle*,  
 Will be admitted. *CET.* What is that to me?  
*VAR.* Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and safely.

# CATILINE.

CET. Safe is your way, then, take it. Mine's mine owne.

CAT. Follow him *Vargunteius*, and perswade,  
The morning is the fittest time. LON. The night  
Will turne all into tumult. LEN. And perhaps  
Misse of him too. CAT. Intreat, and conjure him. (to them.  
In all our names. LEN. By all our vowes, and friendships

SEMPRONIA, AVRECIA, FULVIA.

W Hat 'tis our Councell broke up first? AVR. You say,  
Women are greatest talkers. SEM. We ha'done,  
And are now fit for action. LON. Which is passion.

There's your best activity. Lady. SEM. How  
Knowes your wife fancies that? LON. Your Mothers daughter  
Did teach me, Madam. CAT. Come *Sempronia*, leave him.  
He is a Giber. And our present businesse  
Is of more serious consequence.

Tells me, you have done most masculinely within,  
And plaid the Orator. SEM. But we must hasten  
To our designe as well, and execute:  
Not hang still in the feaver of an accident.

CAT. You say well, Ladies. SEM. I doe like our plot  
Exceeding well, tis sure, and we shall leave  
Little to fortune, in it. CAT. Your banquet staves.  
*Aurelia* take her in. Where's *Fulvia*?

SEM. O the two Lovers are coupling. CYN. In good faith,  
She's very ill, with sitting up. SEM. You'd have her  
Laugh, and lie downe. FUL. No faith, *Sempronia*,  
I am not well; Ile take my leave, it drawes  
Toward the morning: *Curius* shall stay with you.

Madam, I pray you pardon me, my health  
I must respect. AVR. Farewell, good *Fulvia*.

CYN. Make haste, and bid him get his guards about him.  
For *Vargunteius* and *Cornelius*  
Have undertane it, should *Cethegus* misse:  
Their reason, that they thinke his open rashnesse  
Will suffer easier discovery,

Then their attempt; so vailed under friendship.  
Ile bring you to your Coach. Tell him beside,  
Of *Cæsars* comming forth, here. CAT. My sweete Madam,  
Will you be gone? FUL. I am, my Lord, in truth,  
In some indisposition. CAT. I do wish.

You



# CATILINE.

You had all your health sweet Lady. *Lentulus*,  
You'll doe her service. *LEN.* To her coach, and duty.

## CATILINE.

**W**Hat ministers men must, for practise, vsel  
The rash, th'ambitious, needie, desperate,  
Foolish, and wretched, ev'n the dregs of Mankinde,  
To whores, and women / still, it must be so  
Each have their proper place, and in their roomes,  
They are the best. Groomes fittest kindle fires,  
Slaves carrie burdens. Butchers are for slaughters,  
Apothecaries, Butlers, Cookes for poysons,  
As these for me: Dull, stupid *Lentulus*,  
My stale, with whom I stalle: the rashi *Cethegus*  
My executioner, and fat *Longinus*,  
*Statilius*, *Curius*, *Ceparius*, *Cimber*,  
My labourers, pionsers, and incendiaries,  
With those domesticke traitors, bo some theeves,  
Whom custome hath call'd wives, the readiest helpes  
To strangle head-strong Husbands, rob the easie,  
And lend the moneyes, on returnes of lust.  
Shall *Catiline* not doe, now, with these aides,  
So fought, so sorted, something shall be call'd  
Their labour, but his profit, and make *Cesar*  
Repent his ventaing counsels, to a spirit,  
So much his Lord in mischief, when all these,  
Shall like the brethren sprung of Dragons teeth,  
Ruine each other, and he fall amongst 'hem:  
With *Crassus Pompey*, or who else appeares,  
But like, or neere a great one. May my braine  
Resolve to water, and my blood turne phlegme,  
My hands drop off, unworthy of my sword,  
And that b'inspired, of it selfe, to rip  
My breast for my lost entrails, when I leave  
A soule, that will not serve. And who will, are  
The same with slaves, such clay I dare not feare.  
The cruelty I meane to act, I wish  
Should be call'd mine, and tarrie in my name:  
Whilst after ages doe toyle out themselves  
In thinking for the like, but doe it lesse.

# CATILINE.

And were the power of all the fiends let loose,  
With Fate to boote, it should be, still, example.  
When, what the *Gaul*, or *Moore* could not effect,  
Nor æmulous *Carthage*, with their length of spight,  
Shall be the worke of one, and that my night.

CICERO, FVLVIA, QVINTVS,

**I** Thanke your vigilance. Where's my brother *Quintus*?  
Call all my servants up. Tell noble *Curius*,  
And say it to your selfe, you are my Savers;  
But that's too little for you, you are *Romes*:  
What could I then, hope lesse? O brother! now,  
The engines I told you of, are working;  
The machine 'gins to move. Where are your weapons?  
Arme all my household presently. And charge  
The Porter, he let no man in, till day. (names,  
*QVI.* Not Clients, and your friends? *Cic.* They weare those  
That come to murder me. Yet send for *Caro*,  
And *Quintus Catulus*, those I dare trust;  
And *Flaccus*, and *Pomtinus*, the Prators,  
By the backe way. *QVI.* Take care, good brother *Marcus*,  
Your feares be not form'd greater then they should;  
And make your friends grieve, while your enemies laugh.  
*Cic.* Tis brothers counsell, and worth thanks. But doe  
As I intreate you. I provide not feare,  
Was *Cesar* there, say you? *FVL.* *Curius* sayes, he met him,  
Comming from thence. *Cic.* O, so. And had you a counsell  
Of Ladies too? Who was your Speaker, Madam?  
*FVL.* She that would be, had there beene fortie more;  
*Sempronia*, who had both her Greeke, and Figures;  
And ever and anon, would aske us, of  
The wittie Consul could have mended that?  
Or Orator *Cicero* could have said it better?  
*Cic.* Shee's my gentleemie. Would *Cesbegus*  
Had no more danger in him. But my guards  
Are you great powers, and th' unbated strengths  
Of a firme conscience, which shall arme each step  
Tane for the State, and teach me slacke no pace  
For feare of malice. How now, Brother? *QVI.* *Caro*,  
And *Quintus Catulus* were comming to you,  
And *Crassus* with 'hem, I have let 'hem in,



CATILINE. TWO

By th' garden. *Cic.* What would *Crassus* have? *Qvi.* I heare  
Some wispering 'bout the gate, and making doubt,  
Whether it be not yet too early, or no?  
But I doe thinke, they are your friends, and Clients,  
To another thought anon. Ha' you giv'n the Porter  
The charge, I wil'd you? *Qvi.* Yes. *Cic.* Withdraw, & harken.

VARGUNTEIVS, CORNELIVS, PORTER, CIL-  
CERO, CATO, CATVLVS, CRASSVS.

**T**He door's not open yet. *Cor.* You were best to knock.  
*Var.* Let them stand close then: And when we are in,  
Rush after us. *Cor.* But where's *Cethegus*? *Var.* He  
Has left it, since he might not do't his way.  
*Por.* Who' there? *Var.* A friend, or more. I may not let  
Any man in, till day. *Var.* No? why? *Cor.* Thy reason?  
*Por.* I am commanded so. *Var.* By whom? *Cor.* I hope  
We are not discover'd. *Var.* Yes, by revelation.  
Pray thee good slave, who has commanded thee?  
*Por.* He that may best, the Consull. *Var.* We are his friends.  
*Por.* Al's one. *Cor.* Best give your name. *Var.* Dost thou heare  
I have some instant businesse with the Consul. (fellow?  
My name is *Vargunteius*. *Cic.* True, he knowes it:  
And for what friendly office you are sent.  
*Cornelius*, too, is there? *Var.* We are betraid.  
*Cic.* And desperate *Cethegus*, is he not?  
*Var.* Speak you, he knows my voice. *Cic.* What say you to't?  
*Cor.* You are deceiv'd Sir. *Cic.* No, tis you are so:  
Poore, misled men. Your states are yet worth pittie,  
If you would heare, and change your savage mindes.  
Leave to be mad: forsake your purposes  
Of Treason, Rapine, Murder, Fire, and Horror:  
The Common-wealth hath eyes, that wake as sharply  
Over her life, as yours doe for her ruine.  
Be not deceiv'd, to thinke her lenity  
Will be perpetuall: or if men be wanting,  
The Gods will be to such a calling cause.  
Consider your attempts, and while there's time,  
Repent you of 'hem. It doth make me tremble  
There should those spirits yet breath, that when they cannot  
Live honestly, would rather perish basely.

CATO

## CATILINE.

CATO. You talke too much to em, *Marcus*. They are lost.  
Go forth, and apprehend em. CATV. If you prove  
This practise, what should let the common-wealth  
To take due vengeance? VAR. Let us shift away.  
The darknesse hath conceal'd us, yet: Wee'll say  
Some have abus'd our names. COR. Denie it all.  
CATO. *Quintus*, what guards ha you? call the Tribunes aide,  
And raise the Citty. Consul, you are too mild,  
"The foulness of some facts takes thence all mercy:  
Report it to the Senate. Heare: the Gods  
Grow angry with your patience. "This their care,  
"And must be yours, that guilty men escape not.  
"As crimes doe grow, Justice should rouse it selfe.

### CHORVS.

W Hat is it, Heavens, you prepare  
With so much swiftnesse, and so sudaine rising?  
There are no Sonnes of earth, that dare,  
Again, rebellion: or the Gods surprising?  
The World doth, and Nature feares,  
Yet is the tumult, and the horror greater  
Within our minds, and in our eares,  
So much Romes faults (now growne her Fate) do threat her.  
The Priests and People runne about,  
Each Order, Age, and Sexe amaz'd at other:  
And at the Ports, all thronging out,  
As if their safety were to quit their Mother:  
Yet find they the same dangers there,  
From which they make such hast to be preserved;  
For guilty States do ever heare  
The plagues about them, which they haue deserved.  
And, till those plagues do get about  
The mountaine of our faults, and there do sit,  
We see 'hem not. Thus, still we loue  
The evill we do, untill we suffer it.  
But, most, ambition, that neere vice  
To Vertue, hath the fate of Rome provoked:  
And made, that now Rome's selfe no price,  
To free her from the death, wherewith she's yoked.  
That restless Ill, that still doth build  
Vpon successe, and ends not in aspiring:

But



## CATILINE.

But there begins. And nere is fill'd,  
While ought remaines that seemes but with desiring.  
Wherein the thought much like the Eye,  
To which things farre, seeme smaller then they are  
Deemes all contentment plac'd on high;  
And thinkes there's nothing great, but what is farre.  
O, that in time, Rome did not cast  
Her errors up, this fortune to prevent:  
T'have seene her crimes ere they were past:  
And felt her faults, before her punishment.

### ACT. iij.

#### ALLOBROGES.

**C**An these men feare? who are not onely ours,  
But the worlds masters? Then I see, the Gods  
Upbraide our sufferings, or would I humble them:  
By sending these affrights, while we are here:  
That we might laugh at their ridiculous feare,  
Whose names, we tremble at beyond the Alpes.  
Of all that passe, I doe not see a face  
Worthy a man, that dares looke up, and stand  
One thunder out: but downward all, like beasts,  
Running away from every flash is made.  
The falling world could not deserve such basenesse.  
Are we imployd here, by our miseries,  
Like superstitious fooles (or rather slaves)  
To plaine our griefes, wrongs, and oppressions,  
To a meere clothed Senate, whom our folly  
Hath made, and still intends to keepe our Tyrannes?  
It is our base petitionary breath  
That blowes hem to his greatnes; which this pricke  
Would soone let out, if we were bold, and wretched.  
When they have taken all we have: our goods,  
Crop, lands, and houses, they will leave us this:  
A weapon, and an arme will still be found,  
Though naked left, and lower then the ground.

#### CATO, CATVLVS, CICERO.

**D**Oe;urge thine anger, still; good Heaven, and a just,  
Tell guilty men, what powers are above them.

## CATILINE.

In such a confidence of wickednesse,  
Twas time, they should know something fit to feare.

CATV. I never saw a morne more full of horror.

CATO. To *Catiline*, and his : But, to just men :

Though Heaven should speake, with all his wrath at once,

That, with his breath, the hinges of the world

Did cracke : we should stand upright, and unfear'd.

CIC. Why, so we doe, good *Cato*. Who be these ?

CATV. Ambassadors, from the *Allobroges* :

I take 'hem, by their habits. ALL. I, these men

Seeme of another race ; Let's sue to these

There's hope of justice, with their fortitude.

CIC. Friends of the *Senate*, and of *Rome*, to day

We pray you to forbear us : on the morrow

What sute you have, let us, by *Fabius Sanga*

(Whose Patronage your State doe use) but know it,

And, on the Counsell's word, you shall receive

Dispatch, or else an answer, worth your patience.

ALL. We could not hope for more, most worthy Consul.

This Magistrate hath strooke an awe into me,

And by his sweetnesse, wonne a more regard

Unto his place then all the boistrous moodes

That ignorant Greatnesse practiseth, to fill

The large, unfit authority it weares.

How easie is a noble spirit discern'd

From harsh, and sulphurous matter that flies out

In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks.

May we finde good, and great men, that know how

To stoupe to wants, and meete necessities,

And will not turne from any equall suites.

"Such men, they doe not succour more the cause,

"They undertake, with favour and successe :

"Then by it their owne judgements they doe raise,

"In turning just mens needs, into their praise.

### THE SENATE.

PRAE. Rome for the Consuls. Fathers take your places

Here in the house of *Jupiter*, the STAYER,

By edict from the Consull, *Marcus Tullius*,

You are met, a frequent *Senate*. Heare him speake,

CIC. Which may be happy and auspicious still



# CATILINE. TWO

To Rome, *And hers.* Honour'd and Conscript Fathers,  
 If I were silent, and that all the dangers  
 Threatning the State, and you, were it so hid  
 In night, or darkenesse, thicker in their breasts,  
 That are the blacke contrivers: so, that no  
 Beame of the light could pierce 'hem: Yet the voice  
 Of Heav'n, this morning, hath spoke loud inough,  
 T'instruct you with a feeling of the horror;  
 And wake you from a sleepe, as dead, as death.  
 I have, of late, spoke often in this Senate,  
 Touching this argument, but still have wanted  
 Tither your eares, or faith: so 'incredible  
 Their plots have seem'd, or I so vaine, to make  
 These things for mine owne glory, and false greatnesse,  
 As hath beene given out. But be it so:  
 When they breake forth, and shall declare themselves,  
 By their too foule effects, then, then, the envy  
 Of my just cares will finde another name.  
 For me, I am but one: And this poore life,  
 So lately aym'd at, not an houre yet since,  
 They cannot with more eagerneesse pursue,  
 Then I with gladnesse would lay downe, and loose  
 To buy *Romes* peace, if that would purchase it.  
 But wen I see they'ld make it but the step  
 To more and greater; unto yours, *Romes*, all:  
 I would with those preserve it, or then fall.  
**CAES.** I, I, let you alone, cunning Artificer!  
 See how his gorget peeres above his Gowne;  
 To tell the people, in what danger he was  
 It was absurdly done of *Vargunteius*.  
 To name himselfe, before he was got in.  
**CRA.** It matters not so they deny it all:  
 And can but carrie the lie constantly.  
 Will *Catiline* be here? **CAES.** I have sent for him.  
**CRA.** And ha' you bid him to be confident?  
**CAES.** To that his owne necessity will prompt him.  
**CRA.** Seeme to beleeeve nothing at all, that *Cicero*  
 Relate us. **CAES.** It will mad him. **CRA.** O, and helpe  
 The other party. Who is that? His Brother?  
 What new intelligence ha's he brought him now?  
**CAES.** Some cautions from his Wife, how to behave him.

# CATILINE.

CIC. Place some of them without, and some bring in.  
 Thanke their kinde loves. It is a comfort yet,  
 That all depart not from their Countries cause.  
 CAES. How now, what meanes this Muster? Consul *Antonius*?  
 ANT. I doe not know, aske my Colleague, he'll tell you.  
 There is some reason in state, that I must yeeld to.  
 And I have promis'd him: Indeed he has bought it  
 With giving me the *Province*. CIC. I professe,  
 It grieves me, Fathers, that I am compell'd  
 To draw these armes, and aides for your defence.  
 And more against a *Cittizen of Rome*,  
 Borne here amongst you, a *Patrician*,  
 A man I must confesse, of no meane house,  
 Nor no small vertue, if he had imploy'd  
 Those excellent gifts of Fortune, and of Nature,  
 Unto the good, not ruine of the State.  
 But being bred in's fathers needie fortunes,  
 Brought up in's sisters prostitution,  
 Confirm'd in civil slaughter, entring first  
 The Common-wealth with murder of the Gentry;  
 Since, both by study, and custome, conversant  
 With all licentiousnesse: what could be hop'd  
 In such a field of riot, but a course  
 Extreame pernicious? Though I must protest,  
 I found his mischiefes, sooner, with mine eyes,  
 Then with my thought; and with these hands of mine  
 Before they touch'd at my suspicion.  
 CAES. What are his mischiefes, Consul? you declame  
 Against his manners, and corrupt your owne;  
 "No wise man should, for hate of guilty men,  
 Loose his owne innocence." CIC. The noble *Cesar*  
 Speakes Godlike truth. But when he heares, I can  
 Convince him, by his manners, of his mischiefes,  
 He might be silent: and not cast away  
 His sentences in vaine, where they scarce looke.  
 Toward his subject. CAT. Here he comes himselfe.  
 If he be worthy any good mans voice,  
 That good man sit downe by him: *Cato* will not  
 CATV. If *Cato* leave him. Ile not keepe aside.  
 CATI. What face is this the *Senate* here puts on,  
 Against me Fathers! Give my modesty

Leave,



# CATILINE.

Leave, to demand the cause of so much strangeness.

CAES. It is reported here, you are the head

To a strange faction, *Lucius*. CIC. I, and will

Be prov'd against him. CAT. Let it be. Why, Consul,

If in the Common-wealth, there be two bodies,

One leane, weake, rotten, and that hath a head:

The other strong, and healthfull, but hath none:

If I doe give it one, doe I offend?

Restore your selves unto your temper, Fathers:

And without perturbation, heare me speake:

Remember who I am, and of what place,

What pettie fellow this is, that opposes,

One that hath exercis'd his eloquence,

Still to the bane of the Nobility:

A boasting, insolent tongue-man. CATO. Peace leud Traitor,

Or wash thy mouth. He is an honest man,

And loves his Countrey; would thou didst so too.

CATI. Cato, you are too zealous for him. CATO. No,

Thou art too impudent. CATV. Catiline be silent.

CATI. Nay then, I easily feare, my just defence

Will come too late, to so much prejudice.

CAES. Will he sit downe? CATI. Yet, let the world forsake

My innocence must not. CATO. Thou innocent?

So are the *Furies*. CIC. Yes, and *Ate*, too.

Dost thou not blush, pernicious Catiline?

Or hath the palenesse of thy guilt drunke up

Thy blood, and drawne thy veines, as dry of that,

As is thy heart of truth, thy breast of vertue?

Whither at length wilt thou abuse our patience?

Still shall thy fury mocke us? To what licence

Dares thy unbridled boldnesse runne it selfe?

Doe all the nightly guards, kept on the Palace,

The Cittie-watche, swith the peoples feares,

The concourse of all good men, this so strong

And fortified seate here of the *Senate*,

The present looks upon thee, strike thee nothing?

Dost thou not feele thy Councels all laid open?

And see thy wild Conspiracy bound in

With each mans knowledge? which of all this Order

Canst thou thinke ignorant (if the'll but utter

Their conscience to the right) of what thou didst

# CATILINE

Last night, what on the former, where thou wert,  
 Whom thou didst call together, what your plots were?  
 O Age and manners ! This the Consul sees,  
 The *Senate* understands, yet this man lives!  
 Lives? I, and comes here into Councell with us;  
 Partakes the publique cares : and with his eye  
 Markes, and points out each man of us to slaughter.  
 And we, good men, doe satisfie the State,  
 If we can shunne but this mans sword, and madnesse.  
 There was that vertue, once, in *Rome*, when good men  
 Would, with more sharpe coërcion, had restrain'd  
 A wicked Citizen, then the deadliest Foe.  
 We have that law still *Catiline* for thee;  
 An act as grave, as sharpe: The State's not wanting,  
 Nor the authority of this Senate ; we,  
 We that are Consuls, onely faile our selves.  
 This twentie dayes, the edge of that decree  
 We have let dul: and rust, kept it shut up  
 As in a sheath, which drawne should take thy head.  
 Yet still thou liv'st : and liv'st not to lay by  
 Thy wicked confidence, but to confirme it.  
 I could desire , Fathers, to be found  
 Still mercifull, to seeme in these maine perils,  
 Grasping the State, a man remisse, and slacke;  
 But then I should condemne my selfe of sloth,  
 And trechery. Their Campe's in *Italy*,  
 Pitch'd in the jawes, here of *Hetruria*;  
 Their numbers daily increasing, and their Generall  
 Within our walles, nay in our Councell, plotting  
 Hourely some fatall mischief to the Publique.  
 If *Catiline*, I should command thee, now,  
 Here to be taken, kill'd ; I make just doubt,  
 Whether all good men would not thinke it done  
 Rather too late, then any man to cruell.  
 CATO. Except he were of the same meale, and batch.  
 CIC. But that, which ought to have beene done long since,  
 I will, (and for good reason) yet forbear.  
 Then will I take thee, when no man is found  
 So lost, so wicked, nay so like thy selfe,  
 But shall professe, 'tis done of neede, and right,  
 While there is one, that dares defend thee, live;

Thou



# CATILINE.

Thou shalt have leave ; but so, as now thou liv'st :  
 Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and oppress'd  
 From working least commotion to the State.  
 I have those eyes, and eares, shall still keepe guard,  
 And spiall on thee, as they have ever done,  
 And thou not feele it. What then, canst thou hope ?  
 If neither Night can, with her darknesse, hide  
 Thy wicked meetings ; nor a private House  
 Can in her walles, containe the guilty whispers  
 Of thy conspiracy : If all breake out,  
 All be discovered, change thy minde at last,  
 And loose thy thoughts of raine, flame, and slaughter.  
 Remember, how I told, here, to the Senate,  
 That such a day, thy Lictor, *Caius Manlius*, in fist shaw  
 Would be in armes. Was I deceiv'd, *Catiline*,  
 Or in the fact, or in the time ? the hower ?  
 I told too, in this Senate, that thy purpose  
 Was on the fifth, the Kalends of *November*,  
 T'have slaughter'd this whole Order : which my caution  
 Made many leave the City. Canst thou here  
 Denie, but this thy blacke designe was hindred,  
 That very day, by me, thy selfe clos'd in  
 Within my strengths, so that thou couldst not move  
 Against a publique reed ? when thou wert heard  
 To say upon the parting of the rest,  
 Thou wouldst content thee, with the murder of us,  
 That did remaine. Hadst thou not hope, beside,  
 By a surprize, by night, to take *Preneeste* ?  
 Where when thou cam'st, didst thou not finde the place  
 Made good against thee, with my aides, my watches ?  
 My Garrisons fortified it. Thou dost nothing *Sergius*,  
 Thou canst endeavour nothing, nay not thinke,  
 But I both see, and heare it ; and am with thee,  
 By, and before, about, and in thee too.  
 Call but to minde thy last nights businesse. Come,  
 Ile use no circumstance : at *Lecca's* house,  
 The shop, and mint of your conspiracy,  
 Among your Sword-men, where so many associates  
 Both of thy mischiefe, and thy madnesse, met.  
 Dar'st thou deny this ? wherefore art thou silent ?  
 Speake, and this shall convince thee : Here they are,

# CATILINE.

I see'hem in this Senate, that were with thee;  
 O you immortall Gods ! in what clime are we ?  
 What region doe we live in ? in what ayre ?  
 What Common-wealth, or State is this we have ?  
 Here, here, amongst us, our owne number, Fathers,  
 In this most holy Councell of the world,  
 They are, that seeke the spoile of me, of you,  
 Of ours, of all ; what can I name's too narrow :  
 Follow the Sunne, and finde not their ambition.  
 These I behold being Consull ; Nay, I aske :  
 Their counsels of the State, as from good Patriots :  
 Whom it were fit the axe should hew in peeces,  
 I not so much as wound, yet, with my voyce.  
 Thou wast last night, with *Lecca*, *Catiline*,  
 Your shares, of *Italy*, you there divided,  
 Appointed who, and whither, each should goe,  
 What men should stay behinde, in *Rome*, were chosen :  
 Your offices set downe : the parts mark'd out,  
 And places of the Citty, for the fire ;  
 Thy selfe (thou affirm'd'st) was ready to depart,  
 Onely, a little let there was, that stay'd thee,  
 That I yet liv'd : Upon the word, stept forth  
 Three of thy crew, to rid thee of thy care ;  
 Two undertooke this morning, before day,  
 To kill me in my bed. All this I knew,  
 Your covenant scarce dismiss'd, I call'd all my servants,  
 Call'd both my brother, and friends, shut out our clients,  
 You sent to visit me : whose names I told  
 To some there, of good place, before they came.  
 CATO. Yes, I, and *Quintus Catulus* can affirmet.  
 CAES. He's lost, and gone. His spirits have forsooke him.  
 CIC. If this be so, why, *Catiline*, dost thou stay ?  
 Goe where thou meanst : The Ports are open : forth.  
 The Campe abroad wants thee, their Chief, too long.  
 Lead with thee all thy troupes out. Purge the City.  
 Draw dry that noysome, and pernicious sinke,  
 Which left behinde thee, would infect the world.  
 Thou wilt free me of all my feares at once,  
 To see a wall betweene us. Dost thou stop  
 To do that now, commanded : which before,  
 Of thine owne choise thou art prone to ? Goe. The Consull



# CATILINE. V. 110

Bids thee, an enemy, to depart the City.  
 Whither, thou'lt aske? to exile? I not bid  
 Thee that. But aske my counsell, I perswade it.  
 What is there, here, in *Rome*, that can delight thee?  
 Were not a soule, without thy owne soule knot,  
 But feares, and hates thee. What domesticke note  
 Of private filthinesse, but is burnt in  
 Into thy life? What close, and secret shame,  
 But is growne one, with thy knowne infamy?  
 What lust was ever absent from thine eyes?  
 What lewd fact from thy hands? what wickednesse  
 From thy whole body? wher's that youth drawne in  
 Within the nets, or catch'd up with thy baytes,  
 Before whose rage thou hast not borne a sword,  
 And to whose lust thou hast not held a torch?  
 Thy latter Nuptialls I let passe in silence;  
 Where sinnes incredible, on sinnes, were heapt:  
 Which I not name, lest, in a civill State,  
 So monstrous facts should either appeare to be,  
 Or not to be reveng'd. Thy Fortunes too,  
 I glance not at, which hang but till next Ides,  
 I come to that, which is more knowne, more publick;  
 The life, and safety of us all by thee  
 Threatned, and sought. Scood'st thou not in the field  
 When *Lepidus*, and *Tullius* were our Consuls.  
 Upon the day of choise, arm'd, and with forces,  
 To take their lives, and our chiefe Cittizens:  
 When, not thy feare, nor conscience chang'd thy mind,  
 But the meere fortune of the common-wealth  
 Withstood thy active malice? Speake but right.  
 How often hast thou made attempt on me?  
 How many of thy assaults have I declin'd  
 With shifting but my body, (as wee'd say)  
 Wrested thy dagger from thy hand, how oft?  
 How often hath it fallen or slipt by chance?  
 Yet, can thy side not want it: which, how vow'd,  
 Or with what rites, 'tis sacred of thee, I know not.  
 That still thou mak'st it a necessity,  
 To fix it in the body of a Consul.  
 But let me loose this way, and speake to thee,  
 Not as one mov'd with hatred, which I ought,

# CATILINE.

But pittie, of which none is owing thee.

CAT. None more then unto *Tantalus*, or *Tityus*.

CIC. Thou cam'st ere while, into this Senate. Who

Of such frequency, so many friends,

And kindred thou halt here saluted thee?

Were not the Seates made bare upon thy entrance?

Ris'd not the Consular men? and left their places,

So soone as thou sat'st downe? and fled thy side,

Like to a plague, or ruine; knowing how oft

They had beene, by thee mark'd out for the Shambles?

How dost thou beare this? Surely, if any Slaves

At home fear'd me, with halfe th'affright, and horror,

That here thy fellow Citizens doe thee,

I should soone quit my house, and thinke it need too.

Yet thou dar'st tarry here? Go forth at last:

Condemne thy selfe to flight, and solitude.

Discharge the Common-wealth of her deepe feare.

Goe into banishment, if thou wait'st the word.

Why do'st thou looke? They all consent unto it.

Do'st thou expect th'authority of their voyces,

Whose silent wills condemne thee? While they sit,

They approve it; while they suffer it, they decree it.

And while they are silent to it, they proclaime it.

Prove thou there honest, Ile endure the envy.

But there's no thought, thou shouldst be ever he,

Whom either shame should call from filthinesse,

Terror from danger, or discourse from fury.

Goe, I intreate thee: yet, why doe I so?

When I already know, they are sent afore,

That tarry for thee in armes, and do expect thee

On the *Aurelian* way. I know the day

Set downe, twixt thee and *Martius*; unto whom

The silver Eagle too is sent, before:

Which I hope shall prove, to thee as banefull,

As thou conceiv'st it to the Common-wealth.

But may this wise, and sacred Senate say,

What mean'st thou *Marcus Tullius*? If thou know'st

That *Catiline* be look'd for, to be Chiefe

Of an intestine warre, that he's the Author

Of such a wickednesse: the Caller out

Of men of marke in mischief, to an action



# C A T I L I N E.

Of so much horror : Prince of such a treason:  
 Why do'st thou send him forth? why let him scape  
 This to give him liberty, and power:  
 Rather, thou should'st lay hold upon him, send him  
 To deserv'd death, and a just punishment.  
 To these so holy voyces, thus I answer.  
 If I did thinke it timely, Conscript Fathers,  
 To punish him with death, I would not give  
 The Fencer use of one short houre, to breath;  
 But when there are in this grave Order, some,  
 Who with soft censures, still doe nource his hopes:  
 Some, that with not beleev'ing, hath confirm'd  
 His designes more, and whose authority  
 The weaker, as the worst men, too; have follow'd:  
 I would now send him, where they all should see  
 Cleare as the light, his heart shine, where no man  
 Could be so wickedly, or fondly stupide,  
 But should crie out he saw, touch'd, felt, and graspt it.  
 Then, when he hath runne out him selfe, led forth  
 His desp'rate party with him, blowne together  
 Aides of all kindes, both shipwrack'd mindes and fortunes:  
 Not onely the growne evill, that now is sprung,  
 And sprouted forth, would be pluck'd up, and weeded;  
 But the stocke, roote, and seed of all the mischiefes,  
 Choking the Common-wealth. Where should we take  
 Of such a swarme of traitors, onely him,  
 Our cares, and feares might seeme awhile reliev'd,  
 But the maine peril would be still enclos'd  
 Deepe in the veines, and bowels of the State.  
 As humane bodies, labouring with fevers,  
 While they are tost with heate, if they doe take  
 Cold water, seeme for that short space much eas'd,  
 But afterwards, are ten times more afflicted.  
 Wherefore I say, let all the wicked crew  
 Depart, devide themselves from good men, gather  
 Their forces to one head, as I said oft,  
 Let 'hem be sever'd from us with a wall:  
 Let 'hem leave off attempts, upon the Consul,  
 In his owne house, to circle in the Prætor:  
 To girt the Court with weapons, to prepare  
 Fire, and balles, swords, torches, sulphure, brands:

## CATILINE.

In short, let it be writ in each mans forehead  
 What thoughts he beares the Publike. I here promise,  
 Fathers Conscript, to you, and to my selfe,  
 That dilligence in us Consuls, for my honour'd  
 Colleague, abroad, and for my selfe at home;  
 So great authority in you; so much  
 Vertue in these, the Gentlemen of *Rome*,  
 Whom I could scarce reſtraine to day, in zeale,  
 Fro m ſeeking out the Parricide to ſlaughter:  
 So much conſent in all good men and minds,  
 As on the going out of this one *Catiline*,  
 As ſhall be cleare, made plaine, oppreſs'd, reveng'd.  
 And with this omen, goe pernicious plague,  
 Out of the City, to the with'd deſtruction  
 Of thee, and thoſe, that to the ruine of her,  
 Have tane that bloody, and blacke ſacrament.  
 Thou *Jupiter*, whom we do call the *STAYE*  
 Both of this City, and this Empire, wilt  
 (With the ſame auſpice thou didſt raiſe it firſt)  
 Drive from thy Altars, and all other Temples,  
 And Buildings of this City; from our walles;  
 Lives, ſtates, and fortunes of our Cittizens:  
 This fiend, this fury, with his complices.  
 And all the offence of good men (theſe knowne traitors  
 Unto their countrey, theeves of *Italy*,  
 Joyn'd in ſo damn'd a league of miſchiefe) thou  
 Wilt with perpetuall plagues, alive, and dead,  
 Punish for *Rome*, and ſave her innocent head.  
 CATI. If an Oration, or high language, Fathers,  
 Could make me guilty, here is one, hath done it:  
 Ha's ſtrove to æmulate this mornings thunder,  
 With his pordigious Rhetoricke. But I hope,  
 This Senate is more grave, then to give credit  
 Raſhly to all vomits, 'gainſt a man  
 Of your owne Order, a Patrician:  
 And one, whoſe Anceſtors haue more deſerv'd  
 Of *Rome*, then this mans eloquence could utter,  
 Turn'd the beſt way, as ſtill it is the worſt.  
 CATO. his eloquence hath more deſerv'd to day,  
 Speaking thy ill, then all thy anceſtors  
 Did, in their good: And that the State will finde,

Which



# CATILINE.

Which he hath sav'd. CATI. How he? were I that enemy  
That he would make me: I'd not wish the State  
More wretched, then to neede his preservation.  
What doe you make him, *Cato* such a *Hercules*?  
An *Atlas*? A poore petty In-mate. CATO. Traytor.  
CATI. He save the State? A *Burgeſſe* ſonne of *Arpinum*.  
The Gods would rather twentie *Romes* ſhould periſh,  
Then to have that contumely ſtucke upon 'hem,  
That he ſhould ſhare with them, in the preſerving  
A ſhed, or ſigne-poſt. CATO. Peace thou prodigie.  
CATI. They would be runne themſelves, againe, and loſt  
In the fiſt, rude, and indigeſted heape;  
Ere ſuch a wretched name, as *Cicero*,  
Should ſound with theirs. CATI. Away thou impudent head.  
CATI. Doe you all backe him? are you ſilent too?  
Well, I will leave you Fathers; I will goe.  
But---my fine dainty ſpeaker---CIC. What now Fury?  
Wilt thou aſſault me here? CHO. Helpe, aide the Conſul.  
CATI. See Fathers, laugh you not? who threatned him?  
In vaine thou doſt conceive, ambitious Orator,  
Hope of ſo brave a death, as by this hand.  
CATO. Out of the Court, with the pernicious Traitor.  
CATI. There is no title, that this flattering Senate,  
Nor honour, the baſe multitude can give thee,  
Shall make thee worthy *Catilines* anger. CATO. Stop,  
Stop that portentous mouth. CATI. Or, when it ſhall,  
Ile looke thee dead. CATO. Wil none reſtraine the Monster?  
CATV. Parricide. QVI. Butcher, Traitor, leave the Senate.  
CATI. I am gone to baniſhment, to pleaſe your Fathers.  
Thruſt head-log forth? CATO. Stil doſt thou murmur, moſter?  
CATI. Since, I am thus put out, and made a---CIC. What?  
CATV. Not guiltier then thou art. CATI. I will not burne  
Without my funerall pile. CATO. What ſayes the Fiend?  
CATI. I wil have matter, timber. CATO. Sing out Scrich-owle.  
CATI. It ſhall be in---CATV. Speake thy imperfect thoughts.  
CATI. The common fire, rather then mine owne.  
For fall I will with all, ere fall alone.  
CRA. He's loſt, there is no hope of him. CAES. Unleſſe  
He preſently takes armes; and give a blow,  
Before the Conſuls forces can be levied.  
CIC. What is your pleaſure, Fathers, ſhall be done?

# CATILINE.

CATV. See that the Common-wealth receive no losse.

CATO. Commit the care thereof unto the Consuls. (Senate.

CRA. Tis time. CAES. And need. CIC. Thanks to this frequent

But what decree they, unto *Carinus*,

And *Fulvia*? CATV. What the Consul shall thinke meete.

CIC. They must receive reward, though't be not knowne.

Least when a State needes ministers, they ha' none.

CATO. Yet, *Marcus Tullius*, doe not I beleewe,

But *Crassus*, and this *Cesar* here ring hollow.

CIC. And would appeare so, if that we durst prove 'hem.

CATO. Why dare we not? What honest act is that,

The *Roman* Senate should not dare, and doe?

CIC. Not an unprofitable, dangerous act,

To stirre too many Serpents up at once.

*Cesar*, and *Crassus*, if they be ill men.

Are mighty ones; and we must so provide,

That while we take one head, from this foule *Hydra*,

There spring not twenty more. CATO. I prove your Counsell.

CIC. They shall be watch'd, and look'd too. Till they doe

Declare themselves. I will not put 'hem out

By any question. There they stand, Ile make

My selfe no enemies, nor the State, no traytors.

CATILINE, LENTULUS, CETHEGUS, CV-

RIVS. GABINIUS, LONGINUS,

STATILIUS.

False to our selves? All our designs discover'd

To this State-Cat? CET. I, had I had my way,

He had mew'd in flames, at home, not in the Senate:

I had sing'd his furies by this time. CAT. Well, there's now

No time of calling backe, or standing still.

Friends, be your selves, keepe the same *Roman* hearts.

And ready mindes, you had yesternight:

Prepare to execute what we resolv'd. And let not

Labour, or danger, or discovery fright you.

Ile to the army: you (the while) mature

Things here at home. Draw to you any aides

That you thinke fit, of men of all conditions,

Or any fortunes, that may helpe a warre.

Ile bleede a life, or winne an Empire for you.

Within these few dayes, looke to see my ensignes,

Here



# CATILINE.

Here at the walles : Be you but firme within.  
 Meane time, to draw an envy on the Confull,  
 And give a lesse fuspicion of our courfe,  
 Let it be given out, here in the City,  
 That I am gone an innocent man, to exile,  
 Into *Massilia*, willing to give way  
 To fortune, and the times : being unable  
 To stand fo great a faction, without troubling  
 The Common-wealth : whose peace I rather feecke,  
 Then all the glory of contention,  
 Or the fupport of mine owne innocence.  
 Farewell the noble *Lentulus*, *Longinus*,  
*Curius*, the rest ; and thow my better *Gentius*,  
 The brave *Cethegus* : when we meeete againe,  
 Wee'll facrifice to Liberty. *Cat.* And revenge.  
 That we may praife our hands once. *Len.* O you *Fates*  
 Give *Fortune* now her eyes, to fee with whom  
 Shee goes along, that fhe may need forfake him.  
*Cat.* He needs not her, nor them. Goe but on, *Sergius*.  
 " A valiant man is his owne Fate, and Fortune.  
*Lon.* The Fate and fortune of us all goe with him.  
*Gab. Sta.* And everguard him. *Cat.* I am all your Creature.  
*Len.* Now friends, 'tis left with us. I have already  
 Dealt, by *Umbrenus*, with the *Allobroges*,  
 Here refidant in *Rome*, whose State I heare,  
 Is difcontent with the great ufuries,  
 They are opprefs'd with : and have made complaints  
 Divers, unto the Senate, but all vaine.  
 Thefe men, I have thought, both for their owne oppreffions  
 As alfo that, by nature, they are a people  
 Warlike, and fierce, ftill watching after change,  
 And now, in prefent hatred with our State,  
 The fitteft, and the eafeft to be drawne  
 To our fociety, and to aide the warre.  
 The rather, for their feate : being next borders  
 On *Italy* : and that they abound with Horfe,  
 Of which one want our Campe doth onely labour.  
 And I have found 'hem comming. They will meeete  
 Soone at *Sempronius's* houfe, where I would pray you  
 All to be prefent, to confirme 'hem more.  
 The fight of fuch fpirits hurt not, nor the ftore.

# CATILINE.

GAB. I will not faile. STA. Nor I. CYR. Nor I. CET. Would I  
Had some what by my felfe, apart, to doe.  
I ha' no *genius* to thefe my counfels.  
Let me kill all the Senate, for my fhare,  
Ile do it at next fitting. LEN. Worthy *Caius*,  
Your prefence will adde much, CET. I fhall marre more.

CIGERO, SANGA, ALLOBROGES.

**T**He State's beholden to you, *Fabius Sanga*,  
For this great care : And thofe *Allobroges*  
Are more then wretched, if they lend a lifting  
To fuch perfwafion. SAN. They, moft worthy *Conful*  
As men employ'd here, from a griev'd State,  
Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,  
And being told, there was fmall hope of eafe  
To be expected, to their evils from hence,  
Were willing at the firft to give an eare  
To any thing that founded liberty :  
But fince, on better thoughts, and my urg'd reafons,  
They are come about, and wonne, to the true fide.  
The fortune of the Common-wealth hath conquer'd.  
CIC. What is that fame *Vmbrenus*, was the Agent  
SAN. One that hath negotiation  
In *Gallia* oft, and knowne unto the State.  
CIC. Are the Ambaffadours come with you? SEN. Yes.  
CIC. Well, bring 'hem in, if they be firme, and honeft,  
Never had men the meanes to ferve  
Of *Rome*, as they. A happy, will'd occafion,  
And thruft into my hands, for the difcovery,  
And manifelt conjunction of thefe traitors.  
Be thank'd, O *Jupiter*. My worthy Lords,  
Confederates of the Senate, you are welcome.  
I underftand by *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,  
Your carefull Patron here, you have beene lately  
Solicited againft the Common-wealth,  
By one *Vmbrenus* (take a feate, I pray you)  
From *Publius Lentulus*, to be affociates  
In their intended warre. I could advife,  
That men, whofe fortunes are yet flourishing,  
And are *Romes* friends, would not, without a caufe,  
Become her enemies, and mixe themfelves

And



# CATILINE.

And their estates, with the lost hopes of *Catiline*,  
 Or *Lentulus*, whose meere despaire doth arme em:  
 That were to hazard certainties, for aire,  
 And undergo all danger, for a voice.  
 Belieue me, friends. "Loud tumults are not laid  
 "With halfe the easinesse, that they are rais'd.  
 "All may begin a war, but few can end it.  
 The Senate haue decreed, that my Colleague  
 Shall lead their army, against *Catiline*,  
 And haue declar'd both him, and *Manlius* traitors.  
*Metellus Celer* hath alreadye given  
 Part of their troopes defeat: Honors are promis'd  
 To all, will quit hem: and rewards propos'd  
 Even to slaues, that can detest their courses.  
 Here, in the Citty, I haue by the Prators,  
 And Tribunes, plac'd my guards and watches so,  
 That not a foot can tread, a breath can whisper,  
 But I haue knowledge. And be sure, the Senate,  
 And people of *Rome*, of their accustomed greatnes,  
 Will sharplie and severelie vindicate,  
 Not only any fact, but any practise  
 Or purpose, gainst the State. Therefore, my Lords,  
 Consult of your owne waies, and thinke which hand  
 Is best to take. You, now, are present sutors  
 For some redresse of wrongs: Ile undertake  
 Not onlie that shall be assur'd you, but  
 What grace or priuiledge else, Senate, or people  
 Can cast upon you, worthie such a service,  
 As you haue now the way and meanes to do em:  
 If but your wils consent, with my designs.  
 ALO. We covet nothing more, most worthy Consul.  
 And how so ere we have bin tempted lately,  
 To a defection, that not makes us guiltie:  
 We are not yet so wretched in our fortunes,  
 Nor in our wils so lost, as to abandon  
 A friendship, prodigallity, of that price,  
 As is the Senate, and the people of *Romes*,  
 For hopes, that do precipitate themselves.  
 CRO. You then are wise and honest. Do but this, then:  
 When shall you speake with *Lentulus*, and the rest?  
 ALO. We are to meet anone, at *Brutus* house.

# CATILINE.

Cic. Who? *Decius Brutus*? He is not in *Rome*.

SAN. O, but his wife *Sempronia*. Cic. You instruct me,  
She is a chiefe. Well, faile not you to meet em,  
And to expresse the best affection  
You can put on, to all that they intend.  
Like it, applaud it, giue the Common-wealth  
And Senate, lost to em. Promise any aides  
By armes or counsell. What they can desire  
I would haue you prevent. Onely, say this,  
You haue had dispatch, in private, by the Consull  
Of your affaires, and for the many feares  
The State's now in, you are wil'd by him, this evening  
To depart *Rome*: which you, by all sought meanes,  
Will do, of reason to decline suspition.  
Now, for the more authority of the businesse,  
They haue trusted to you, and to giue it credit  
With your owne State at home, you would desire  
Their letters to your Senate, and your people,  
Which shewn, you durst ingage both life and honor;  
The rest should every way answer their hopes.  
Those had, pretend suddain departure.  
And, as you giue me notice, at what port  
You will go out, Ile ha' you intercepted,  
And all the letters taken with you: So  
As you shall be redeem'd in all opinions,  
And they convicted of their manifest treason.  
" Ill deeds are well turn'd back, upon their Authors:  
" And 'gainst an Injurer, the revenge is just.  
This must be done, now. ALO. Chearfully, and firmly.  
We are they, would rather hast to undertake it,  
Then stay, to say so. Cic. With that confidence, go:  
Make your selues happy, while you make *Rome* so.  
By *Sanga*, let me haue notice from you. ALO. Yes.

SEMPRONIA, LENTVLVS, CETHEGVS, GABINIVS, STATILIVS,  
LONGINVS, VOLTVRTIVS, ALLOBROGES.

When come these creatures, the Embassadors?  
I would faine see'm, Are they any Schollers? (surely)  
LEN. I think not, Madam. SEM. Ha they no Greek? LEN. No.  
SEM. Fie, what do I here, waiting on em then?



# CATILINA

If they be nothing but meere States-men. **LEN.** Yet  
Your Ladiship shall observe their gravity,  
And their reservednes, their many cautions,  
Fitting their persons. **SEM.** I do wonder much,  
That States and Common-wealths employ not women,  
To be Embassadors, sometimes: we should  
Do as good publicke service, and could make  
As honourable Spies (for so *Thucydides*  
Call, all Embassadors:) are they come *Cethegus*?  
**CET.** Do you aske me? am I your scout, or baud?  
**LEN.** O *Caius*, it is no such busines.  
What does a woman at it then? **SEM.** Good Sir,  
There are of us can be as exquisite Traitors,  
As ere a male-conspirator of you all.  
**CET.** I, at smock-treason, Matron, I beleve you:  
And if I were your Husband: But when I  
Trust to your cobweb-bosomes any other,  
Let me there die a Flie; and feast you, Spider.  
**LEN.** You are too slowe, and harsh. **CET.** You  
Are kinde, and courtly. It'd bee torne in pieces,  
With wilde *Hippolytus*, nay proove the death,  
Every limbe over, ere I'd trust a woman,  
With winde, could I receive it. **SEM.** Sir, thee'll be trusted  
With as good secrets, yet, as you have any,  
And carry 'hem too, as close, and as conceald,  
As you shall for your heart. **CET.** Ile not contend with you  
Either in tongue, or carriage, good *Calpurnia*.  
**LON.** Th' Embassadors are come. **CET.** Thanks to the *Mercury*.  
That so hast resound me. **LEN.** How now *Volturnus*?  
**VOL.** They do desire some speech with you, in private.  
**LEN.** O! tis about the prophecie belike,  
And promise of the *Sibylls*. **GAB.** It may bee.  
**SEM.** Shun they, to treat with me too? **GAB.** No, good Lady,  
You may partake: I have told 'hem, who you are.  
**SEM.** I should be loath to be left out, and here too.  
**CET.** Can these, or such, be any aides to us?  
Looke they, as they were built to shake the world,  
Or bee a moment to our enterprise?  
A thousand such as they are, could not make  
One Atome of our soules. They should be men  
Worth Heavens feare, that looking up, but thus,

# CATILINE.

Would make *Jove* stand upon his guard, and draw  
Himselfe within his thunder; which amaz'd,  
He should discharge in vaine, and they unhurt.  
Or if they were, like *Capaneus*, at *Thebes*,  
They should hang dead, upon the highest spires,  
And aske the second charge, to be throwne downe.  
Why *Lentulus*, talke you so long? This time  
Had beene enough, t' haue scatter'd all the Starres,  
To haue quench'd the Sunne and Moone, and made the world  
Despaire of day, or any light, but ours.

LEN. How doe you like this spirit? In such men,  
Mankind doth live. They are such foules as these,  
That move the world. SEN. I, though he beare me hard,  
I, yet must do him right. He is a spirit  
Of the right *Martian* breed. ALD. He is a *Mars*.  
Would we had time to live here, and admire him.  
LEN. Well, I doe see you would prevent the Consul,  
And I commend your care: It was but reason,  
To aske our Letters, and we had prepar'd them.  
Goe in, and we will take an oath, and seale em.  
You shall have Letters too, to *Catiline*,  
To visite him 'the way, and to confirme  
The association. This our friend, *Volturnius*,  
Shall goe along with you. Tell our great Generall,  
That we are readie here; that *Lucius Bestia*  
The Tribune, is provided of a speech,  
To lay the envie of the warre on *Cicero*:  
That all but long for his approach, and person:  
And then, you are made Freemen, as our selues.

CICERO, FLACCUS, PONTINIUS,  
SANGA.

I Cannot feare the warre but to succeed well,  
Both for the honour of the cause, and worth  
Of him that doth command. For my Colleague,  
Being so ill affected with the gout,  
Will not be able to be there in person:  
And then *Petreius*, his Lieutenant, must  
Of neede take charge o' the army: who is much  
The better souldier, having beene a Tribune,  
Prefect, Lieutenant, Prator in the warre,

These



# CATILINE.

These thirtie yeares, so conversant i'the army,  
As he knowes all the souldiers by their names.

FLA. They'll fight then bravely, with him. POM. I and he

Will lead em on, as bravely. CIC. They have a foe.

Will aske their braveries, whose necessities

Will arme him like a fury. But, how euer,

Ile trust it to the mannage, and the fortune

Of good *Petreus*, who is a worthy Patriot.

*Metellus Celer*, with three Legions, too,

Will stop their course for *Gallia*. How now, *Fabius*?

SAN. The traine hath taken. You must instantly

Dispose your guard, upon the *Milvian* bridge:

For, by that way, they meane to come. CIC. Then, thither

*Pomtinus*, and *Flaccus*, I must pray you

To lead that force you have, and seize them all:

Let not a person scape. Th' Embassadors

Will yeeld themselves. If there be any tumult

Ile send you aide. I, in meane time will call

*Lentulus* to me, *Gabinus*, and *Cethegus*,

*Statilius*, *Ceparius*, and all these

By severall messengers: who no doubt will come,

Without sense or suspicion. "Prodigall men

"Feele not their owne stocke wasting. When I have em,

Ile place those guards upon em, that they start not.

SAN. But what'll you do with *Sempronia*? CIC. "A State

"Should not take knowledge either of fooles or Women.

I do not know whether my ioy or care

Ought to be greater: that I have discover'd

So foule a treason: or must undergo

The enuy of so many great mens fate.

But, happen what there can, I will be iust,

My fortune may forsake me, not my vertue:

That shall go with me, and before me still,

And glad me, doing well, though I heare ill.

## PRETORS, ALLOBROGES, VOLTURTIVS.

FLA. Stand, who goes there? AL. O. we areth *Allobroges*,  
And friends of *Rome*. POM. If you be so, then yeeld  
Your selves unto the Pretors, who in name  
Of the whole Senate, and the people of *Rome*,

# CATILINE.

Yet till you cleare your selves, charge you of practise  
Against the State. VOL. Doe friends, and be not taken.  
FLA. What voice is that? Downe with 'hem all. ALL. we yeeld.  
POM. What's he stands out? Kill him there. VOL. Hold, holdy.  
I yeeld upon conditions. FLA. We give none (hold.  
To traytors, strike him downe. VOL. My name's *Volturinus*.  
I know *Pomtinus*. POM. But he knowes not you,  
While you stand out upon these trayterous termes.  
VOL. Ile yeeld upon the safety of my life.  
POM. If it be forfeited, we cannot save it.  
VOL. Promise to doe your best. I am not so guiltie,  
As many others I can name, and will:  
If you will grant me favour. POM. All we can  
Is to deliver you to the Consul. Take him,  
And thanke the Gods, that thus have saved Rome.

## CHORVS.

Now doe our cares, before our eyes,  
Like men in mists,  
Discover, who'ld the State surprise,  
And who resists?  
And as these clouds doe yeeld to light,  
Now, doe we see,  
Our thoughts of things, how they did fight,  
Which seeme at agree?  
Of what strange pieces are we made,  
Who nothing know;  
But as new Ayres our eares invade,  
Still censure so?  
That now doe hope, and now doe feare,  
And now envie;  
And then doe hate, and then love deare,  
But know not why?  
Or, if we doe, it is so late,  
As our best moode,  
Though true, is then thought out of date,  
And empty of good.  
How have we chang'd, and come about  
In every doome,  
Since wicked Catiline went out,  
And quitted Rome?  
One while, we thought him innocent;



# CATILINA.

And then w<sup>e</sup> accus'd  
 The Consul for his malice spent,  
 And power abus'd.  
 Since, that we heare, haik in Armes,  
 We thinke not so  
 Yet charge the Consul, with our harmes,  
 That let him goe,  
 So, in our censure of the State,  
 We still doe wander;  
 And make the carefull Magistrate  
 The marke of slander.  
 What age is this, where honest men,  
 Plac'd at the helme,  
 A Sea of some foule choketh, and pen,  
 Shall overwhelm?  
 And call their diligence, deceit;  
 Their vertue, vice;  
 Their watchfulnesse, but lying in wait;  
 And blood, the price.  
 O, let us plucke this evill seede  
 Out of our spirits,  
 And give to every noble deede,  
 The name it merits.  
 Least we seeme false (if this endures)  
 Into those times,  
 To love disease: and brooke the cure  
 Worse then the crimes.

## ACT. V.

### PETREVS.

### THE ARMY.

**I**T is my fortune, and my glory, Souldiers,  
 This day, to leade you on: the worthy Consul  
 Kept from the honour of it, by disease:  
 And I am proud, to have so brave a cause  
 To exercise your armes in. We not, now,  
 Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large  
 Th' extent, and bounds o' th' people of Rome shall be.  
 But to retaine what our great Ancestors,  
 With all their labours, counsels, arts, and actions,  
 For us, were purchasing so many yeares.

The

# CATILINE.

The quarrell is not now, of fame, of tribute,  
 Or of wrongs, done unto Confederates,  
 For which, the army of the people of *Rome*  
 Was wont to move: but for your owne Republique,  
 For the rais'd Temples of th'immortall gods,  
 For all your Fortunes, Altars, and your Fires,  
 For the deare foules of your lov'd wives and children,  
 Your Parents tombes, your Rites, Lawes, Libertie,  
 And briefly for the safetie of the World:  
 Against such men, as onely by their crimes  
 Are knowne; thrust out by riot, want, or rashnesse.  
 One sort, *Silla's* old troopes, left here in *Fesula*,  
 Who suddainly made rich, in those dire times,  
 Are since, by their unbounded, vast expence,  
 Growne needie, and poore, and have but left to expect  
 From *Catiline*, new Billes, and new Proscriptions.  
 These men (they say) are valiant, yet I thinke em  
 Not worth your pause: for either their old vertue  
 Is in their sloath, and pleasures lost: or if  
 It carrie with em, so ill matcht to yours,  
 As they are short in number, or in cause.  
 The second sort are of those (Cittie-beasts,  
 Rather then Cittizens) who whilst they reach  
 After our fortunes, have let lie their owne:  
 These whelm'd in wine, swelld up with meates, and weakned  
 With hourelly whoredomes, never left the side  
 Of *Catiline* in *Rome*: nor here are loos'd  
 From his embraces: Such, as (trust me) never  
 In riding, or in using well their armes,  
 Watching, or other militarie labour,  
 Did exercise their Youth, but leard to love,  
 Drinke, dance, and sing, make feasts, and be fine gamsters.  
 And these will with more hurt to you, then they bring you.  
 The rest are but a mixt kinde, of all sorts of furies,  
 Adulterers, Dicers, Fencers, Outlawes, Theeves,  
 The Murderers of their Parents, all the sinke,  
 And plague of *Italy*, met in one torrent,  
 To take, to day, from us the punishment,  
 Due to their mischietes, for so many yeares.  
 And who in such a cause, and gainst such fiends,  
 Would not now with himsele all arme, and weapon?



## CATILINE.

To cut such poisons from the earth, and let  
 Their blood out, to be drawne away in cloudes,  
 And pour'd, on some inhabitable place,  
 Where the hot Sunne, and Sinne breeds naught but Monsters?  
 Chiefly, when this sure joy shall crowne our side,  
 That the least man, that falls upon our party  
 This day (as some must give their happy names  
 To fate, and that eternall memory  
 Of the best death, writ with it, for their Countrey)  
 Shall walke at pleasure, in the tents of rest:  
 And see farre off, beneath him, all their host  
 Tormented after life: and *Catiline*, there,  
 Walking a wretched, and lesse Ghost, then he.  
 Ile urge no more: Move forward, with your Eagles,  
 And trust the Senates, and *Romes* cause to Heavens.  
 ARM. To thee, great Father *Mars*, and greater *Jove*.

CAESAR, CRASSVS.

I Ever look'd for this of *Lentulus*.  
 When *Catiline* was gone. CRA. I gave 'hem lost,  
 Many daies since. CAES. But, wherefore did you beare  
 Their letter to the Consull, that they sent to you.  
 To warne you from the City? CRA. Did I know  
 Whether he made it? it might come from him,  
 For ought I could assure: if they meant,  
 I should be safe, among so many, they might  
 Have come, as well as writ. CAES. There's no losse  
 In being secure. I have of late, too, ply'd him,  
 Thicke with intelligences, but they have bin  
 Of things he knew before. CRA. A little serves  
 To keepe a man upright, on these Seate-bridges,  
 Although the passage were more dangerous.  
 Let us now take the standing part. CAES. We must,  
 And be as zealous for't, as *Cato*. Yee  
 I would faine helpe these wretched men. CRA. You cannot.  
 Who would save them, that have betraid themselves?

CICERO, QVINTVS, CATO.

I Will not be wrought to it, brother *Quintus*.  
 There's no mans private enmity shall make  
 Me violate the dignity of another.  
 If there were prooffe gainst *Cesar*, or who ever,

# CATILINE.

To speake him guilty, I would so declare him.  
But *Quintus Catulus*, and *Piso* both,  
Shall know, the Consull will not for their grudge,  
Have any man accus'd, or named falsely.

QVI. Not falsely, but if any circumstance,  
By the *Allobroges*, or from *Volturnus*, would carry it.

CIC. That should not be sought by me,  
If it reveale it selfe, I would not spare  
You, brother, if inpointed at you, trust me.

CATO. Good *Marcus Tullius* (which is more,  
Then great) thou hadst thy education, with the gods.

CIC. Send *Lentulus* forth, and bring away the rest.  
This office, I am sorry, Sir, to do you.

THE SENATE. Move more on your selfe

W<sup>H</sup>at may be happy still, and fortunate,  
To Rome, and to this Senate: Please you, Fathers,

To breake these Letters, and to view them round,  
If that be not found in them, which I feare.

I, yet, intreate at such a time, as this,  
My diligence be not contemn'd. Ha you brought

The weapons hither, from *Cerbegus* house?  
PRE. They are without. CIC. Be ready with *Volturnus*.

To bring him, when the Senate calls: and see  
None of the rest, conferre together. Fathers,

What doe you reade? Is it yet worth your care,  
If not your feare, what you find practis'd there?

CAES. It hath a face of horror. CRA. I am amaz'd.  
CAT. Look there. SYL. Gods! can such men draw comon aire?

CIC. Although the greatnesse of the mischief, Fathers,  
Hath often made my faith small, in this Senate,

Yet, since my casting *Catiline* out (for now  
I do not feare the envy of the word,

Unlesse the deed be rather to be fear'd,  
That he went hence alive, when those I meant

Should follow him, did not) I have spent both dayes,  
And nights in watching, what their fury and rage

Was bent on, that so straid, against my thought:  
And that I might but take 'hem in that light,

Where, when you raet their treason, with your eyes,  
Your minds, at length, would thinke for your owne safety.

And now, tis done. There are their hands and seales.

Their



# CATILINE.

Their persons too, are safe, thanks to the Gods.  
 Bring in *Volturtius*, and the *Allobroges*.  
 These be the men, were trusted with the Letters.  
 VOL. Fathers beleve me, I knew nothing: I  
 Was travailing for *Gallia*, and am sorry---  
 CIC. Quake not *Volturtius*, speake the truth, and hope  
 Well of the Senate, on the Consuls word.  
 VOL. Then I knew all. But truly I was drawne in  
 But tother day. CAES. Say, what thou know'st, and feare not.  
 Thou hast the Senates faith, and Consuls word,  
 To fortifie thee. VOL. I was sent with Letters---  
 And had a message too---from *Lentulus*---  
 To *Catiline*---that he should use all aides---  
 Servants, or others---and come with his army,  
 As soone, unto the Citty as he could---  
 For they were ready, and but staid for him---  
 To intercept those, that should flee the fire---  
 These men, the *Allobroges*, did heare it too.  
 ALO. Yes Fathers, and they tooke an oath to us.  
 Besides their Letters, that we should be free,  
 And urg'd us, for some present aide of horse.  
 CIC. Nay, here be other testimonies, Fathers,  
*Cethegus* Armoury. CRA. What not all these?  
 CIC. Here's not the hundred part. Call in the Fencer.  
 That we may know the armes to all these weapons.  
 Come my brave Sword-player, to what active vse,  
 Whas all this Steele provided? CER. Had you ask'd  
 In *Syllas* daies, it had beene to cut throats;  
 But now it was to looke on onely: I lov'd  
 To see good blades, and feele their edge, and points.  
 To put a helme upon a blocke, and cleave it,  
 And now and then, to stabbe an armour through.  
 CIC. Know you that paper? That will stabbe you through.  
 Is it your hand? Hold, save the peeces. Traytor,  
 Hath thy guilt wak'd thy fury? CER. I did write,  
 I know not what; nor care not: The Foole *Lentulus*  
 Did dictate, and I tother Foole, did signe it.  
 CIC. Bring in *Statilius*: Does he know his hand too?  
 And *Lentulus*. Reach him that letter. STA. I.  
 Confesse it all. CIC. Know you that seale yet, *Publius*?  
 LEN. Yes, it is mine. CIC. What, that renown'd good man,

# CATILINE.

LEN. My Grandfathers. Cic. What, that renown'd good man  
That did so only embrace his Countrey, and lov'd  
His fellow Citizens? Was not his picture,  
Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact,  
So foule. --- LEN. As what, impetuous Cicero?  
Cic. As thou art, for I doe not know what's fouler.  
Looke upon these, doe not these faces argue  
Thy guilt, and impudence? LEN. What are these to me?  
I know 'hem not. ALL. No *Publius*? we were with you,  
At *Brutus* house. Vol. Last night, LEN. What did you there?  
Who sent for you? ALL. Your selfe did. We had letters  
From you *Cethegus*, this *Statilius* here,  
*Gabinus Cimber*, all, but from *Longinus*,  
Who would not write, because he wasto come  
Shortly, in person, after us (he said)  
To take the charge o' the horse, which we should levy.  
Cic. And he is fled, to *Catiline* I heare,  
LEN. Spies? spies? ALL. You told us too, o' the *Syballs* bookes,  
And how you were to be a King, this yeare,  
The twentieth, from the burning of the *Capitol*.  
That three *Cornely* were to raigue in *Rome*,  
Of which you were the last: and Prais'd *Cethegus*,  
And the great spirits, were with you, in the action.  
Cet. These are your honourable Ambassadors,  
My Sovereigne Lord. Cat. Peace, that too bold *Cethegus*.  
ALL. Besides *Gabinus*, your Agent, nam'd  
*Autronius*, *Servius Sulla*, *Vargunteius*,  
And divers others. Vol. I had letters from you,  
To *Catiline*, and a message, which I have told  
Vnto the Senate, truely, word for word:  
For which, I hope, they will be gracious to me.  
I was drawne in, by the same wicked *Cimber*,  
And though no hurt at all. Cic. *Volturtius*, peace.  
Where is thy visor, or thy voyce, now. *Lentulus*?  
Art thou confounded? Wherefore speak'st thou not?  
Is all so cleare, so plaine, so manifest,  
That both thy eloquence, and impudence,  
And thy ill nature, too, have left thee at once?  
Take him aside. There's yet one more. *Gabinus*,  
The Engineer of all. Shew him that paper,  
If he doe know it? Gab. I kow nothing. Cic. No?



# CATILINE.

GAB. No. Nor I will not know. CAT. Impudent head?  
 Sticke it into his throate; were I the Consull,  
 I'd make thee eate the mischiefe thou hast vented.  
 GAB. Is there a Law for't *Cato*? CAT. Dost thou aske  
 After a Law, that would't have broke all lawes,  
 Of Nature, Manhood, Conscience, and Religion?  
 GAB. Yes, I may aske for't. CAT. No, pernicious *Cimber*,  
 "Th'inquiring after good, does not belong  
 "Unto a wicked person. GAB. I, but *Cato*  
 Does nothing but by Law. CRA. Take him aside.  
 There's prooffe enough, though he confesse not, GAB. Stay  
 I will confesse. All's true, your spies have told you.  
 Make much of 'hem. CER. Yes, and reward 'hem well,  
 For feare you get no more such. See, they doe not  
 Die in a ditch, and stinke, now you ha' done with 'hem;  
 Or beg o'the bridges, here in *Rome*, whose Arches  
 Their active indultrie hath lav'd. CIC. See Fathers,  
 What mindes, and spirits these are, that being convicted  
 Of such a treason, and by such a cloud  
 Of witnessses, dare yet retaine their boldnesse?  
 What would their rage have done, if they had conquer'd?  
 I thought, when I had thrust out *Catiline*,  
 Neither the State, nor I, should need t'have fear'd  
*Lentulus* sleepe here, or *Longinus* fat,  
 Or this *Cethegus* rashnesse: It was he,  
 I only watch'd, whiles he was in our walles,  
 As one that had the braine, the hand, the heart.  
 But now we finde the contrary. Where was there  
 A People griev'd, or a State discontent,  
 Able to make, or helpe a warre' gainst *Rome*,  
 But these, th' *Allobroges*, and those they found?  
 Whom had not the just Gods bin pleas'd to make  
 More friends unto our safety, then their owne,  
 As it then seem'd, neglecting these mens offers,  
 Where had we bin? or where the Common-wealth?  
 When their great Chiefe had bin call'd home: This man,  
 Their absolute King, (whose noble Grandfather,  
 Arm'd in pursute of the seditious *Gracchus*,  
 Tooke a brave wound, for deare defence of that,  
 Which he would spoile) had gather'd all his aides  
 Of Ruffins, Slaves, and other Slaughter-men:  
 Given us up for murder, to *Cethegus*;

The.

# CATILINE.

The other ranke of Citizens, to *Gabinus*;  
 The Cittie to be fir'd by *Cassius*;  
 And *Italy*, nay, the world, to be laid at wast  
 By curst *Catiline*, and his complices.  
 Lay but the thought of it before you, Fathers,  
 Thinke but with me you saw the glorious City,  
 The light of all the earth, Tower of all Nations,  
 Sudainely falling into one flame. Imagine,  
 You view'd your Countrie buried with the heapes  
 Of slaughter'd Cittizens, that had no grave;  
 This *Lentulus* here, reigning, (as he dream'd)  
 And those his purple Senate; *Catiline* come  
 With his firc army; and the cries of Matrons  
 The flight of Children, and the rape of Virgins,  
 Shriekes of the living, with the dying groanes  
 On every side t'invade your sence; untill  
 The blood of *Rome* were mixed with their ashes.  
 This was the Spectacle these fiends intended  
 To please their malice. *CET. I*, and it would  
 Have beene a brave one, Consul, but your part  
 Had not then bin so long, as now it is:  
 I should have quite defeated your Oration;  
 And slit that fine Rhetoricall pipe of yours,  
 I'the first Scene. *CAT. Insolent Monster! CIC. Fathers,*  
 Is it your pleasures, they shall be committed  
 Unto some safe, but a free custodie,  
 Untill the Senate can determine farder?  
*SEN. It pleaseth well. CIC. Then, Marcus Crassus*  
 Take charge of *Gabinus*: send him home  
 Unto your house. You *Cesar*, of *Statilius*?  
*Cethegus* shall be sent to *Cornificius*;  
 And *Lentulus*, to *Publius Lentulus Spinther*,  
 Who now is *Edile*. *CAT. It were best, the prator*  
 Carried' hem to their houses, and deliv'rd' hem.  
*CIC. Let it be so. Take' hem from hence. CAES. But,*  
 Let *Lentulus* put off his Pratorship.  
*LEN. I doe religne it here unto the Senate.*  
*CAES. So, now there's no offence done to Religion.*  
*CAT. Cesar, 'twas piously, and timely urg'd.*  
*CIC. What doe you decree to th' Allobroges?*  
 That were the lights to this discovery?  
*CRA. A free grant from the State, of all their suites. CAES.*



# CATILINE.

CAES. And a reward, out of the publicke treasure.

CAT. I, and the title of honest men, to crowne 'hem.

CIC. What to *Volturtius*? CAES. Life, and favour's well.

VOL. I aske no more. CAT. Yes, yes, some money, thou needst it.

I will keepe thee honest: Want made thee a knave.

SYL. Let *Flaccus*, and *Pomptinus*, the Prators,

Have publicke thanks, and *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,

For their good service. CRA. They deserve it all.

CAT. But what doe we decree unto the Confull,

Whose vertue, counsell, watchfulnesse, and wisedome,

Hath freed the Common-wealth, and without tumult,

Slaughter, or blood, or scarce rayling a force,

Rescu'd us all out of the jawes of Fate?

CRA. We owe our lives unto him, and our fortunes.

CAES. Our Wives, our Children, Parents, and our Gods.

SYL. We all are sav'd by his fortitude.

CAT. The Common-wealth owes him a civicke gyrland.

He is the onely Father of the Countrey.

CAES. Let there be publike prayer, to all the Gods, *(he hath,*

Made in that name for him. CRA. And in these words, *For that*

*By his vigilance preserv'd Rome from the flame, the Senate*

*From the sword, and all her Cittizens from massacre.*

CIC. How are my labours more then paid, grave Fathers,

In these great titles, and decreed honours?

Such as to me, first, of the civill Robe,

Of any man, since *Rome was Rome*, have hapned;

And from this frequent Senate: which more glads me,

That now I see, you have sense of your owne safety.

If those good dayes come no lesse gratefull to us,

Wherein we are preserv'd from some great danger,

Then those wherein we are borne, and brought to light,

Because that gladnesse of our safety is certaine,

But the condition of our birth not so;

And that we are sav'd with pleasure, but are borne,

Without the sense of joy: why should not then,

This day to us, and all posterity

Of ours, be had in equall fame, and honour;

With that, when *Romulus* first reard these walles,

When so much more is layed, then he built?

CAES. It ought. CRA. Let it be added to our *Fasti*,

CIC. What tumult's that? FLA. Here's one *Tarquinius* taken,

Going

# CATILINE.

Going to *Catiline*; and sayes he was sent  
 By *Marcus Crassus*: whom he names, to be  
 Guiltie of the conspiracie. *Cic.* Some lying varlet.  
 Take him away, to prison. *CRA.* Bring him in,  
 And let me see him. *Cic.* He is not worth it, *Crassus*.  
 Keepe him up close, and hungry, till he tell,  
 By whose pernicious counsell, he durst slander  
 So great, and good a Cittizen. *CRA.* By yours  
 I feares twill prove. *Syl.* Some o' the Traitors, sure,  
 To give their action the more credit, bid him  
 Name you, or any man. *Cic.* I know my selfe,  
 By all the tracts, and courses of this businesse,  
*Crassus* is noble, just, and loves his Countrie.  
*FLA.* Here is a Libell too, accusing *Cesar*,  
 From *Lucius Vellius*, and confirm'd by *Curius*.  
*Cic.* Away with all, throw it out o' the Court.  
*CAES.* A tricke on me, too? *Cic.* It is some mens malice,  
 I said to *Curius* I did not beleeeve him.  
*CAES.* Was not that *Curius* your spie, that had  
 Reward decreed unto him, the last Senate,  
 With *Fulvia*, upon your private motion?  
*Cic.* Yes. *CAES.* But he has not that reward, yet. *Cic.* No,  
 Let not this trouble you *Cesar*, none beleeeves it.  
*CAE.* It shall not, if that he have no reward,  
 But if he he have, sure I shall thinke my selfe  
 Very untimely, and unsafely honest.  
 Where such as he is, may have pay t' accuse me.  
*Cic.* You shall have no wrong done you, noble *Cesar*,  
 But all contentment. *CAES.* Confull, I am silent.

## CATILINE, THE ARMY.

I Never yet knew, souldiers, that, in fight,  
 Words added vertue unto valiant men;  
 Or, that a Generals Oration made  
 An Army fall, or stand: But how much prowesse  
 Habitual, or naturall each mans breast  
 Was owner of, so much in act it shew'd.  
 "Whom neither glory or danger can excite  
 "Tis vaine t' attempt with speech: for the minds feare  
 "Keeps all brave sounds from entring at that eare.  
 I, yet, would warne you some few things, my friends,  
 And give your reason of my present counsailes.

You



# CATILINA

You know, no lesse then I, what state, what point  
 Our affaires stand in : and you have heard,  
 What a calamitous misery the sloth,  
 And sleepe of *Lentulus*, hath pluck'd  
 Both on himselfe, and us : How, whilst our aides  
 There, in the Cittie look'd for, are defeated,  
 Our entrance in *Gallia*, too, is stop't.  
 Two Armies waite us. One from *Rome*, the other  
 From the *Gaul*-*Provinces*. And, where we are,  
 (Although I most desire it) the great want  
 Of corne, and victuall, forbids longer stay,  
 So that, of neede, we must remove, but whither  
 The sword must both direct, and cut the passage.  
 I only, therefore wish you, when you strike,  
 To haue your valours, and your soules, about you :  
 And thinke, you carry in your labouring hands  
 The things you seeke, glory, and libertie,  
 Your Country, which you want now, with the *Fates*,  
 That are to be instructed, by our swords.  
 If we can give the blow, all will be safe to us.  
 We shall not want provision; nor supplies.  
 The Colonies, and free Townes will lie open.  
 Where if we yeeld to feare, expect no place,  
 Nor friend, to shelter those, whom their owne Fortune,  
 And ill us'd Armes haue left without protection.  
 You might haue liv'd in servitude, or exile,  
 Or safe at *Rome*, depending on the great ones :  
 But that you thought those things unfit for men.  
 And, in that thought, you then were valiant.  
 For no man ever yet chang'd peace for warre  
 But he, that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.  
 There is more necessitie, you should be such,  
 In fighting for your selves, then they for others.  
 "He's base, that trusts his feet, whose hands are arm'd."  
 Methinks, I see *Death*, and the *Furies*, waiting  
 What we will do ; and all the Heaven at leisure  
 For the great Spectacle. Draw, then, your swords :  
 And, if your destiny enuy our vertue  
 The honor of the day, yet let us care  
 To sell our selves, at such a price, as may  
 Undoe the world to buy us; and make *Fate*,

# CATILINE.

While she tempts ours, feare her owne estate.

## THE SENATE.

EN. What meanes this hasty calling of the Senate?

SEN. We shal know straight. Waite til the Consul speaks.

**S**POM. Fathers Conscript, bethinke you of your safeties,  
And what to doe, with these Conspirators;

Some of their Clients, their Free'd men, and Slaves

'Ginne to make head: There is one of *Lentulus* Bauds

Runs up and downe the shops, through every street,

With money to corrupt, the poore artificers,

And needie tradesmen, to their aide. *Cethegus*

Hath lent too, to his servants, who are many,

Chosen, and exercis'd in bold attemptings,

That forthwith they should arme themselves, and prove

His rescue: All will be in instant uproare,

If you prevent it not, with present counsailes.

We have done what we can, to meete the furie,

And will, doe more. Be you good to your selves.

CIC. What is your pleasure Fathers, shall be done?

*Syllanus*, you are Confull next design'd:

Your sentence of these men. SYL. Tis short, and this.

Since they have fought to blot the name of *Rome*,

Out of the world; and raze this glorious Empire

With her owne hands, and armes, turn'd on her selfe:

I thinke it fit they die. And could my breath

Now execute 'hem, they should not enjoy

An article of time, or eye of light,

Longer, to poison this our common aire.

SEN. I thinke so too. SEN. And I. SEN. And I. SEN. And I.

CIC. Your sentence, *Caius Caesar*. CAES. Conscript Fathers,

In great affaires, and doubtfull, it behooves

Men, that are ask'd their sentence, to be free

From either hate, or love, anger, or pittie:

For where the least of these doe hinder, there

The minde not easily discernes the truth.

I speake this to you, in the name of *Rome*.

For whom you stand; and to the present cause:

That this foule fact of *Lentulus*, and the rest,

Weigh not more with you, then your dignity:

And you be more indulgent to your passion,

Then to your honour. If there could be found



## CATILINE.

A paine, or punishment, equall to their crimes,  
 I would devise, and helpe : but if the greatnesse  
 Of what they ha' done, exceede all mans invention,  
 I thinke it fit to stay, where our lawes doe.  
 Poore pettie States may alter upon humour,  
 Where, if they doe offend with anger, few doe know it.  
 Because they are obscure ; their Fame, and Fortune  
 Is equall, and the same : But they, that are  
 Head of the world, and live in that scene height,  
 All mankind knowes their actions. So we see  
 The greater fortune hath the lesse licence,  
 They must not fauour, hate, and lesse be angry :  
 For what with others is cal'd anger, there  
 Is cruelty and pride. I know *Syllanus*,  
 Who spoke before me, a just valiant Man,  
 A lover of the State, one that would not,  
 In such a businesse, use or grace, or hatred ;  
 I know too well his manners and his modesty :  
 Nor doe I thinke his sentence cruell (for  
 'Gainst such delinquents, what can be too bloody?  
 But that it is abhorring from our State :  
 Since to a Citizen of *Rome*, offending,  
 Our Lawes give exile, and not death. Why then  
 Decrees he that ? Twere vaine to thinke, for feare :  
 When by the diligence of such a Consul,  
 All is made safe, and certaine. Is't for punishment?  
 Why Death's the end of evils, and a rest,  
 Rather then torment : It dissolves all griefes.  
 And beyond that, is neither care, nor joy.  
 You heare, my sentence would not have 'hem die.  
 How then? set free, and increase *Catilines* Army?  
 So will they being but banish'd. No, grave Fathers,  
 I judge 'hem, first, to have their states confiscate.  
 Then, that their persons remaine prisoners  
 I'th free townes, fare off from *Rome*, and sever'd :  
 Where they might neither have relation,  
 Hereafter to the Senate, or the people.  
 Or if they had, those townes, then to be mulcted,  
 As enemies to the State, that had their guard.  
 SEN. Tis good and honourable, *Cesar* hath utterd.  
 CIC. Fathers, I see your faces, and your eyes

# CATILINE.

All bent on me, to note of these two censures  
 Which I incline to. Either of them are grave,  
 And answering the dignity of the speakers,  
 The greatnesse of th'affaire, and both severe.  
 One urgeth death : And he may well remember  
 This State hath punish'd wicked Citizens so.  
 The other bonds : and those perpetuall, which  
 He thinks found out for the more singular plague,  
 Decree which you shall please. You have a Consul  
 Not readier to obey, then to defend  
 What ever you shall act, for the Republique,  
 And meete with willing shoulders, any burden,  
 Or any fortune, with an even face,  
 Though it were death : which to a valiant man  
 Can never happen foule, nor to a Consul  
 Be immature, or to a wise man wretched.  
 SYL. Fathers, I speake, but as I thought : the needes  
 O' th' Common-wealth requir'd. CAT. Excuse it not.  
 CIC. Cato, speake you your sentence. CAT. This it is.  
 You here dispute, on kinds of punishment.  
 And stand consulting, what you should decree  
 'Gainst those, of whom, you rather should beware.  
 This mischief is not like those common facts,  
 Which, when they are done, the lawes may prosecute.  
 But this, if you provide not, ere it happen,  
 When it is happen'd, will not waite your judgement.  
 Good Caius Cesar, here, hath very well  
 And subtill discours'd of life, and death,  
 As if he thought those things a prety fable,  
 That are deliver'd us of Hell, and Furies,  
 Or of the divers way, that ill men goe  
 From good, to filthy darke, and ougly places.  
 And therefore he would have these live, and long too:  
 But farre from Rome, and in the small free Townes,  
 Lest here they might have rescue : As if men,  
 Fit for such acts, were onely in the City,  
 And not through out all Italy? or that boldnesse  
 Could not doe more, where it found least resistance?  
 Tis a vaine counsaile, if he thinke them dangerous.  
 Which if he doe not, but that he alone  
 In so great feare of all men, stand unfrighted,



# CATILINE

He gives me cause, and you, more to feare him.  
 I am plaine. Fathers. Here you looke about,  
 One at another, doubting what to doe;  
 With faces, as you trusted to the Gods,  
 That still have sav'd you; and they can do't: But,  
 They are not wishings, or base womanish prayers  
 Can draw their aides; but vigilance, counsell, action:  
 Which they will be ashamed to forsake.  
 Tis sloth they hate, and cowardise. Here you have  
 The Traytors in your houses, yet you stand  
 Fearing what to doe with 'hem: Let them loose:  
 And send them hence with armes too, that your mercy  
 May turne your misery, as soone as't can,  
 O, but they are great men, and have offended  
 But through ambition. We would spare their honour:  
 I, if themselves had spar'd it, or their fame,  
 Or modesty, or cyther God, or Man:  
 Then I would spare 'hem. But as things now stand,  
 Fathers, to spare these men, were to commit  
 A greater wickednesse, then you would revenge.  
 If there had bin but time, and place for you,  
 To have repair'd this fault, you should have made it;  
 It should have beene your punishment, to have felt  
 Your tardy error: But necessity,  
 Now bids me say, let them not live an houre,  
 If you meane *Rome* should live a day. I have done.  
 SEN. *Cato* hath spoken like an Oracle.  
 CRA. Let it be so decreed. SEN. We all were fearefull.  
 SYL. And had bin base, had not this vertue rais'd us.  
 SEN. Go forth most worthy Consul, wee'll assist you.  
 CAES. I am not yet chang'd in my sentence, Fathers.  
 CAT. No matter. What be those? SER. Letters for *Cesar*.  
 CAT. From whom? let 'hem be read in the open Senate:  
 Fathers, they come from the Conspirators.  
 I crave to have 'hem read, for the Republique.  
 CAES. *Cato*, read you it. Tis a Love-letter,  
 From your deare sister, to me: though you hate me.  
 Doe not discover it. CAT. Hold the drunkard. Consul.  
 Goe forth, and confidently. CAES. You'll repent  
 This rashnesse, *Cicero*. PRÆ. *Cesar* shall repent it.  
 CIC. No violence, *Cesar* be safe. Lead on:

# CATILINE.

Where are the publique Executioners?  
 Bid them waite on us. Onto *Spinthers* house.  
 Bring *Lentulus* forth. Here, you the sad revengers  
 Of capital crimes, against the Publick, take  
 This man to your justice: strangle him.  
 LEN. Thou dost well, Consul, I was a cast at dice  
 In *Fortunes* hand, not long since, that thy selfe  
 Should'st haue heard these, or other words as fatall.  
 CIC. Lead on to *Quintus Cornificius* house;  
 Bring forth *Cethegus*. Take him to the due  
 Death that he hath deserv'd: and let it be  
 Said, He was once. CET. A beast, or what is worse,  
 A slave, *Cethegus*. Let that be the name  
 For all that's base hereafter: That would let  
 This worme pronounce on him; and not have trampled  
 His body into--Ha! Art thou not mov'd?  
 CIC. Justice is never angry: Take him hence.  
 CET. O the whore *Fortune*! and her bauds the *Fates*!  
 That put these tricks on men, which knew the way  
 To death by a sword. Strangle me I may sleepe:  
 I shall grow angry with the Gods, &c. CIC. Leade  
 To *Caius Cæsars*, for *Statilius*.  
 Bring him; and rude *Gabinus* out. Here, take 'hem  
 To your cold hands, and let 'hem feeble death from you.  
 GAB. I thanke you, you doe me a pleasure, Sir. And me too.  
 CAT. So *Marcus Tullius*, thou maist now stand up.  
 And call it happy *Rome*, thou being Consul.  
 Great Parent of the Countre, goe, and let  
 The Old men of the City, ere they die,  
 Kisse thee; the Matrons dwell about thy neck;  
 The Youths, and Maids lay up, 'gainst they are old  
 What kinde of man thou wert, to tell their Nephewes  
 When, such a yeare, they read, within our *Fasti*,  
 Thy Consulship. Who's this? *Petreius*? CIC. Welcome,  
 Welcome renowned Souldier. What's the newes?  
 This face can bring no ill with't unto *Rome*.  
 How do's the worthy Consul, my Colleague?  
 PET. As well as victory can make him, Sir.  
 He greets the Fathers, and to me hath trusted  
 The sad relation of the Civill strife,

For



CATILINE. T. 1.

For in such warre, the conquest still is blacke.  
 C. C. Shall we withdraw into the house of Concord?  
 CAT. No, happy Consul, here let all cares take  
 The benefit of this tale. If he had a voice,  
 To spread unto the Poles, and strike it through  
 The Center to the *Antipodes*, it would ask  
 P. T. The streights and needes of *Catiline* being  
 As he must fight, with one of the two Armies,  
 That then had neare enclos'd him. It pleas'd *Fate*,  
 To make us th' object of his desperate choise;  
 Wherein the danger almost paiz'd the honour:  
 And as he ris'd, the day grew blacke with him:  
 And *Fate* descended neare to the earth,  
 As if she meant to hide the name of things  
 Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.  
 At this we rouz'd, least one small minutes stay  
 Had left it to be enquir'd, what *Rome* was  
 And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence  
 Of our great cause, in forme of battaile, stood.  
 Whilst *Catiline* came on, not with the face  
 Of any man, but of a publique ruine:  
 His count'nance was civill warre it selfe:  
 And all his hoast had standing in his lookes  
 The paleness of his death, that was to come.  
 Yet cried they out like Vultures, and urg'd on,  
 As if they would precipitate our fates.  
 Nor staid we longer for 'hem: But him selfe  
 Strooke the first stroke: And with it fled a life,  
 Which cut, it seem'd a narrow necke of land  
 Had broke betweene to mighty Seas; and eyther  
 Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter:  
 And whirl'd about, as when two violent Tides  
 Meete, and not yeeld. The *Furies* stood, on hills  
 Circling the place, and trembling to see men  
 Doe more then they: whilst *Piety* left the field,  
 Griev'd for that side, that in so bad a cause,  
 They knew not, what a crime their valour was.  
 The Sunne stood still, and was behind the cloud  
 The battaile made, scene sweating, to drive up  
 His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove backward,  
 And now had fierce *Enyo*, like a flame

# CATILINE.

Consum'd all it could reach, and then it selfe;  
 Had not the fortune of the Common-wealth  
 Come *Pallas*-like, to every *Roman* thought.  
 Which *Catiline* seeing, and that now his Troopes  
 Cover'd that earth, they had fought on, with their trunkes,  
 Ambitious of great fame, to crowne his ill,  
 Collected all his fury, and ranne in  
 (Arm'd with a glory, high as his despaire)  
 Into our battell, like a *Lybian* Lion,  
 Upon his hunters, scornfull of our weapons,  
 Carelesse of wounds, plucking downe lives about him,  
 Till he had circled in himselfe with death:  
 Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.  
 And as in that rebellion, gainst the Gods,  
*Minerva* holding forth *Medusa's* head,  
 One of the Gyant Brethren felt himselfe  
 Grow Marble at the killing fight, and now,  
 Almost made stone, began t' inquire, what flint,  
 What rocke it was, that crop't through all his limbes,  
 And ere he could thinke more, was that he fear'd;  
 So *Catiline*, at the sight of *Rome* in us,  
 Became his Tombe: yet did his looke retaine  
 Some of his fiercenesse, and his hands still mov'd,  
 As if he labour'd, yet comprasse the State,  
 With those rebellious parts. *Cat.* A brave bad death  
 Had this bin honest now, and for his Countrey,  
 As twas against it, who had ere fallen greater?  
*Cic.* Honour'd *Petrus*, *Rome*, not I must thanks you,  
 How modestly has he spoken of himselfe!  
*Cat.* He did the more. *Cic.* Thanks to the immortall Gods,  
*Romans*, I now am paid for all my labours,  
 My watchings, and my dangers. Here conclude  
 Your praises, triumphs, honours, and rewards  
 Decreed to me: only the memory  
 Of this glad day, if I may know it live  
 Within your thoughts, shall much affect my conscience,  
 Which I must alwayes studie b. fore fame.  
 " Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,  
 " And ever is ill got, without the first.

FINIS.



